

Special

McGILL DAILY

issue

VOL. 57 — No. 57

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1967

3 CENTS

Senate committee summons sit-in students to trial today

Demonstration today for open hearings

A demonstration calling for open meetings of the Senate Discipline Committee will take place today from 11 am to 1 pm.

Organizers of the protest are also asking that the hearings be held next term, so that the students charged after last month's sit-in have a chance to present their case in full.

Bill Lenihan, spokesman for the group, said, "we want to express our opposition to the administration's secret and unjust proceedings, and we are asking that open meetings for the charged students be held in January, when classes are resumed and the Daily is publishing."

In this way, the organizers say the students will have time to prepare a case and will have more than three minutes to speak. They say that the way things are set up now, the committee will railroad the students through.

Lenihan, who is Students' Council member for Graduate Studies and Research, continued, "the Senate committee is also giving Students' Council a slap in the face, because last week, we passed a motion requesting the committee to hold all future hearings either in the open or on television."

Organizers accuse the administration of having acted in

Reps say: end closed meetings

A majority of student Senate committee representatives voted yesterday to open senate committee meetings.

The group passed several other motions, including one to have the minutes of all meetings made public, and another to tell reps they are entitled to report proceedings back to anyone they wish.

The motions passed yesterday are to be forwarded to External Vice-President Richard Burkhardt, who will in turn pass them to the Students' Council for them to consider.

MAY 10 1968

PERIODICALS

bad faith, by arranging closed meetings at the end of term when the Daily is no longer publishing.

Commenting on the demonstration, SDU chairman Stanley Gray said, "It is rather significant that the committee is meeting on the day before term ends and on which the Senate,

(Continued on page 2)

The thirty-odd students who were removed by police from the Principal's office November 10 have been summoned to appear before the Senate Committee on Student Discipline today.

The students, summoned by mail over the weekend, have been instructed to come before the committee in the Old Chemistry Building in groups of four and five, at fifteen minute intervals beginning at 11:15 am.

The group has retained attorney Richard S. Gottlieb who will ask the committee to postpone its hearing until next term, to hold the hearing in public, and to try all the charged together.

John Smith, MA 2, one of the charged and spokesman for the students, said that every member of the group save two would not appear before the committee today, but would be represented there by attorney Gottlieb.

Smith said the group's requests to the committee were being made because "the committee's normal in camera procedure is incompatible with the present case."

"This is a political offense," he said, "We don't deny what we've done — we fully acknowledge we didn't leave the building, and we want a full and frank discussion of the event."

"Political trials, however, must be held in the open," he added.

No date originally set

Charges were originally laid on November 9 in the Principal's office, but no date for the hearing was set at that time. The students were charged with failing "to leave the Administration Building after having been requested to do so by the Building Director... under the terms of Section 2, 3(a) of the Student Disciplinary Code." The Code authorizes a Building Director to order a student to leave a building, if there is "reasonable and probable cause to believe that the student's continued presence therein is likely to be detrimental to good order."

Smith said that under the present circumstances, with four or five students appearing at a time, there will be no possibility for frank discussion, particularly in view of the brief time each student will be before the committee.

"We are ready to face the committee," he said, "but in an open situation and together". He also said that with the summons coming on the second to last day of the term, several of the charged had planned to be out of town, and most of the students were involved in exams and would not have an opportunity to prepare a case.

Lawyer Gottlieb, says Smith, was informed by committee chairman Perry Meyer that each of the charged would be asked only one question: Were you in the office? After all have been heard, the students will be allowed to make any statements they wish.

Administration spokesmen have said that the committee's proceedings are normally closed because the students involved might not want them held in public. However, Smith says "this is clearly not true in the present situation."

Meanwhile, last Friday, Students' Society President Peter Smith communicated to com-

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Tri-partite commission

Closed hearings prevail

After a two-hour session behind closed doors yesterday, the newly-created Tri-Partite Committee declared itself the "Tri-Partite Commission on the Nature of the University" and dissolved exclusive ties of responsibility to the Senate.

In the same breath, it refused to open its meetings.

The Commission, larger than originally proposed, declared its responsibility to the three sectors of the university community from which its representation is drawn — students, faculty and administration.

The Students' Society and the McGill Association of University Teachers are both represented by four commissioners. The senate also named four members. In addition, the senate appointed the Chancellor as chairman and added to the committee, the principal (ex-officio) and the registrar as acting secretary.

At an impromptu press conference with the Daily after the closed session, Dr. Michael Oliver, Vice-Principal (academic) explained the redefinition of the Commission. The term "committee" was dropped, according to Oliver, because of the hidden implication that a committee is created by someone and reports to that someone—hence the investigatory "commission".

Oliver, David Ticol, and J.C. McClelland form the Commission's steering committee, or secretariat. They will be preparing the agenda for the next meeting, and will work

to map out the commission's course of deliberation. The secretariat will also investigate methodologies, structures and assistance for the Tri-Partite group.

Oliver elaborated on the openness of the meetings by declaring that they would normally be confined to members, though in all probability the commission would call for briefs at public hearings as well.

"Members will probably be exploring in a fumbling and tentative way, by necessity, their own views," he said. They would want to be free to change their minds and not be accused of inconsistency or be subject to pressure. Hence—closed meetings. He said, though, that the commission was not unanimous in the decision.

But, he hastened to add, members would be free to speak to any interested party about the goings-on of the commission. As to the question of publication of minutes or agendas, no formal decisions had been reached but it would seem these things would not be confidential.

Oliver speculated that the commission might decide to release an interim report sometime in April but might very well continue its deliberations into the next academic year.

DECEMBER 20, 1967.

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Peter Allnutt, Marc Raboy, Elly Alholm, Pierre Fournier, Willa Marcus, Louis Lang, John Fekete, Danny Roden.

In Domino Confido

The latest decision of the Senate Committee on Student Discipline should come as no surprise. The committee has, over a month after charges were laid, summoned the thirty students who sat-in at the Principal's office, during examination week, on the next to last day of term, and after regular publication of this journal has conveniently ceased. A similar tactic was employed by the Administration two years ago when it decided to raise our fees.

The committee's procedure is equally commendable. The students will be tried in small alphabetical groups at fifteen minute intervals — ample time to ascertain that, indeed, they were in the office. The accused will be allowed a few last words, perhaps and then the tribunal will retire to word its sentence.

Again conveniently, a few hours after the committee meets, the Senate will convene — that body will doubtless be asked to ratify a few decisions.

To the students on this campus, it should, at this point, be irrelevant whether the demonstrators or the administration are right. The issue is the manner in which justice is being meted out, if today's scheduled event is being performed in the name of justice at all. In no natural system can the crime be allowed to determine the procedure.

To many onlookers, the case before the committee may appear clear cut. Students' Council, too, has indicated that it feels the Administration should deal with it. Nevertheless, the students' right to a fair hearing must not be denied, and likewise our right to know what is being done in this case of disciplinary action.

There is no reason why the case should not be conducted in the new year under normal conditions. The Administration publicly claims to be protecting the charged by keeping the trial closed. It further seeks to create an informal, personal atmosphere by trying the students individually. However, the charged have declared their desire to be heard in the open, as a group, and one can not see why this request should not be granted.

Clearly the committee has unchallengeable powers. But it is abusing these powers if it uses them to ram through a case while the public remains ignorant of the proceedings. It is difficult to foresee justice in a three-minute charade.

There is something frightening about today's setup. At the very minimum, the proceedings must be opened.

Fekete hearing stopped pending appeal

Court blocks Committee

Quebec Chief Justice Lucien Tremblay Friday issued a stop order against the Senate Discipline Committee, suspending all action against John Fekete, pending his appeal of an earlier Superior Court decision rejecting his motion for a writ of evocation.

The Committee summoned Fekete last Wednesday, after Superior Court Judge Jean St. Germain rejected his motion for a writ on December 7.

Fekete's lawyers launched an appeal last Tuesday, and the committee postponed its meeting until the petition for the stop order was heard.

Defense counsellor, Earl Cohen asked for the postponement "in the interests of justice".

The petition for the stop order said "unless an order be granted to suspend said disciplinary procedures until this Honorable Court has had an opportunity to hear the appellant's appeal, a grave injustice may result."

Lawyers for the University at Friday's session, Thomas Montgomery and James Hugesen, argued that it is urgent for the case to be settled as soon as possible.

In granting the stop order, Judge Tremblay rejected this argument, but said, "I will tell the clerk to place your case at the head of the appeal role for civil cases." Appeal Court begins sittings January 15.

This is the second time in the case that the committee has been told to suspend proceedings against Fekete. The first time, Fekete was summoned, in spite of the fact that he had the motion for a writ of evocation before the courts.

The motion asked Superior Court to lift the case from the jurisdiction of the Senate Discipline Committee to that of a higher court. Judge St. Germain, in rejecting it, said, the committee is not "a statutory court" subject to the jurisdiction of Superior Court.

Demonstration . . .

(Continued from page 1)

which must approve sentences of suspension or expulsion, is meeting.

"The closed hearing will take place in the morning, Senate can approve sentences in the afternoon, and the campus will not know anything until mid-January."

Gray continued, "In direct violation of both the earlier Senate promise and Students' Council's request last week, the Committee's deliberations on Allnutt and Fournier are being held behind closed doors. They will now pass sentence and thus avoid having to face any reactions on campus."

"In both the present case and that of the Daily staffers, the administration is organizing and scheduling their hearings and deliberations in such a way

as to guarantee a maximum of secrecy to their proceedings and a minimum of fairness to those charged," he said.

Trial today . . .

(Continued from page 1)

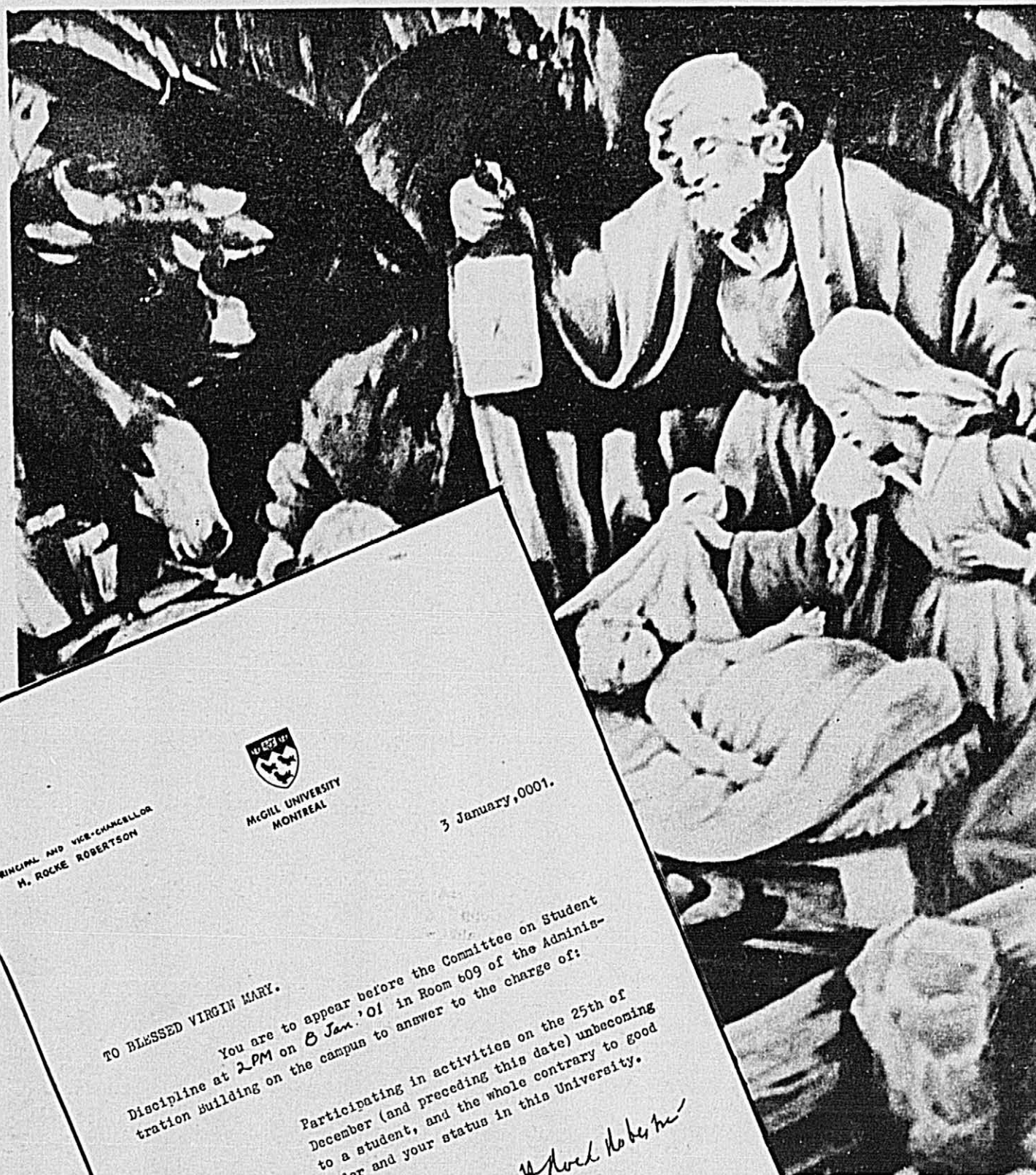
mittee secretary C.D. Solin a motion passed by Students' Council "urging the Senate Committee on Student Discipline to hold all of its meetings open or televised in full", since "matters of important policy" were being discussed in the committee's confidential sessions.

Yesterday, Smith received Solin's reply, to the effect that "the Committee has not established a firm policy as to whether meetings where witnesses are heard are to be public or private."

"Obviously, Council's request has not been met," said the President.

McGill Daily

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PRINCIPAL AND VICE-CHANCELLOR
H. ROCKE ROBERTSON



3 January, 0001.

TO BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

You are to appear before the Committee on Student Discipline at 2 PM on 8 Jan. '01 in Room 609 of the Administration Building on the campus to answer to the charge of:

Participating in activities on the 25th of December (and preceding this date) unbecoming to a student, and the whole contrary to good order and your status in this University.

H. Rocke Robertson

Christmas

Issue

McGILL U. LIBRARY

DEC 15 1967

PERIODICALS

today

ISLAMIC SOCIETY: Juma Prayers. Union 307, 1:15 pm.

SANDWICH THEATRE: "The Room," by Harold Pinter. Union Theater, 3rd floor, 1 pm.

PRE-MED: Dr. Hans Selye on "The Stress of Life." S1/4, 1 pm.

MOC: Colin will be showing some of his slides. Bring your lunch. Union B27, 1 pm.

MOC: Official week-end to seize MOC X-mas tree. Cross-country skiing and hiking. 12 Shaw Street, Shawbridge.

JAZZ SOCIETY: Live Jazz. Union Ballroom, 1 pm.

HILLEL: Meeting with Isaac Bashevis Singer, noted American-Jewish author. 3460 Stanley, 1 pm.

CYCOM: FORTRAN E-309, 1 pm. Also, BAP-360 assembler, E-314, 1 pm.

FACULTY FRIDAY: Orchestral concert under the direction of Stewart Grant. Redpath Hall, 8:30 pm. Admission free.

SDLA: General meeting. Union 123-124, 1 pm.

PLAYERS' CLUB: Casting for "Viet Rock." Union 457, 1 pm.

CHINESE STUDENTS' SOCIETY: General Meeting. Important amendment for constitution. Leacock 219, 8 pm.

PROGRESSIVE CONSERVATIVES: Foreign policy committee meeting, Union 458, 1 pm.

CANADIAN UNIVERSITY SERVICE OVERSEAS: CUSO international bash-music and people from 5 continents, national dress. Coffee Lounge, 9 pm.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16

AMERICANS IN EXILE: Fund-raising party. Spaghetti, bring your own beer. \$1 contribution. 363 est, Rachel (corner St-Denis) 8:30 pm.

MOC: Tree-decorating week-end. Shawbridge.

CHORAL SOCIETY: Final practice. Compulsory for all members. St. James United Church, 1 pm.

CHORAL SOCIETY: Presents Handel's "Messiah" and "The Christmas Story" by Ron Nelson. St. James United Church, 463 St. Catherine St. W., 8:15 pm. Tickets available at door.

CHINESE STUDENTS' SOCIETY: Mandarin class. Union 307, 11 am.

CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP: Informal party. 3705 Jeanne Mance, 10:30 pm.

RUSSIAN CIRCLE: Russian comedy, "The New Year's Eve." PSCA, 7 pm. 50¢.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 17

FLYING CLUB: Flying trip meet at Laurentide Aviation at 11:30 am.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 18

HILLEL: Professor Robert Vogel, speaking on "War and the Generation Gap." 3460 Stanley, 1 pm.

HILLEL: Special concert with the swinging, singing rabbi from Berkeley and parts unknown: Shlomo Carlebach, Union Ballroom, 8:30 pm.

ANTI-HUNGER COLLECTION OXFAM OF CANADA: Collection sponsored by many student groups at McGill. Most buildings on campus, 8:30-9:30 am, 12-2 pm.

SAVOY SOCIETY: Executive meeting. Union 413, 5 pm.

CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP: Bible study with Keith Price, Union 413, 5 pm.

PROGRESSIVE PARTY: Discussion on divorce. Union 327, 1 pm.

HELLENIC CLUB: Important meeting to discuss constitution. Union B23, 1 pm.

PLAYERS' CLUB: General meeting with a panel on "The Pinter Experience." Union Theater, 7:30-9 pm.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 19

SYMPHONIC BAND: Election of executive and important rehearsal. Redpath Hall, 6:30 pm.

ANTI-HUNGER COLLECTION OXFAM OF CANADA: Collection sponsored by many student groups on campus. Most buildings on campus, 8:30-9:30 am, 12-2 pm.

NEWMAN CENTRE: Last chance to come out and sing before Christmas. 3484 Peel, 7 pm.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE ORGANIZATION: Regular inspirational meeting and discussion. Divinity Hall Chapel, 1 pm.

FLYING CLUB: "Instrument Flying" lecture. E304, 1 pm.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 20
WOMEN'S RIFLE CLUB: Regular meeting. Currie Gym, 7-10 am.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 24
NEWMAN CENTRE: Midnight Mass followed by a Christmas lunch. 3484 Peel, 12 am, 844-0051.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 31

MOC: New Year's Party at the House in Shawbridge, Turkey dinner at 6:30 pm. 279-4194.

ISA: New Year's Eve Party. International snacks. Crossroads Students Centre, 6020 Wilderton Avenue, 8 pm-4 am. \$2 single, \$3.50 couple. Leave name, phone number in ISA office, B41.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 12

MOC: Winter camping trip leaves. Call Early. Morrie - 279-4194.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 13

RUSSIAN CIRCLE: Russian New Year's Dance with traditional fortune telling. Union Ballroom, 8 pm-1 am.

WHAT'S WHAT

SELYE LECTURE

Dr. Hans Selye, author of the stress syndrome theory, will speak in the Stewart Biology Building at 1 pm today.

The 'syndrome of just being sick' was first presented in 1936 while Dr. Selye was an assistant professor at McGill, and caused considerable reaction in the medical world before it was eventually accepted.

Dr. Selye is the author of nearly 1200 publications, including 22 books. In addition to his M.D., Ph.D., and D.Sc., he holds honorary doctorates from nine foreign countries.

PLAYERS' CLUB

The English Department and the Players' Club are jointly sponsoring a competition of one-act plays, written by undergraduates or graduate students. The plays will be judged by a panel of three judges, and the winning play will be performed in February at Sandwich Theatre. Rules for the competition are available in the English Department office, room 155 in the Arts Building.

VIET ROCK

Soon after the Christmas Holidays Viet Rock, a satirical play in semi-revue form, will be presented in the Union Theatre. Anyone interested in being a member of the large cast of this production should come to Union 457 today at 1 pm. No acting experience is necessary, only an uninhibited personality.

AMERICANS IN EXILE PARTY

'Americans in Exile' will be holding a party at 363 Rachel east, corner St. Denis on Saturday the 16th. of December, at 8:30 pm. Contribution to the party \$1., spaghetti for dinner and bring your own beer.

What's called for is a Laurentide!



LAURENTIDE

Headlines '68

Smith leaves on world tour – Galloway acting President
Unconfirmed reports out of Warsaw that Duplessis is alive
Senate Committee revises charges: Fekete hit with chutzpah
Krassner named Mother of the Year
Kingsbury, Reynolds seen cuddling in Swiss Hut
Smith granted audience with Pope
Galloway places first in class at Berlitz
Gray tells rally: History will absolve us
Gray named Chairman of Department of Political Science
Robertson resigns to fill vacancy on SDU executive
Dunton, Laurendeau sent to Middle East
Senate Committee finds trio guilty: imposes death sentence
Smith summoned to Hanoi
Spellman seen over Hanoi
Duplessis report confirmed: triumphant return planned
Council vetos Robertson appointment due to non-student status
Robertson registers in BA 1
Ghetto demolished to make way for low-cost student housing
Galloway elected President of UGEQ
Reynolds takes sudden trip to Sweden
COTC holds practice drill before carrying out Senate sentence
Smith disappears – hope fading
Galloway calls for independence at all costs
Talent hunt begins for Robertson replacement – Galloway ruled ineligible
Duplessis enters Quebec: begins serious study of Duff-Berdahl Report
Prime Minister commutes students' death sentence
University claims only Queen can commute sentence
Ted Workman named Director of McGill Athletics
Senate Committee to appear on Ed Sullivan
Smith killed in Bolivian hills after guerilla raid
Duplessis named Principal
Daily offices padlocked
Robertson fails BA 1

the news in review

At the tail end of the student power tempest at McGill, Frank Hanley came to campus and on October 26 declared that students were "unfit to govern themselves".

It came at a fitting time. Council had just finished emasculating the External Affairs reports and was casting about for fairer game.

But students were asserting themselves violently on campus and off in other places. Riots flared in Ohio, Washington, California, Wisconsin, New York, Toronto and Montreal.

There was no tear gas here but 48 persons, including 11 McGill students, were arrested after mounted police moved in on the November 17 Anti-War protest outside the American consulate.

Council moved on oblivious to it all — particularly after

the cops arrived on our own campus. It passed a motion to negotiate with the Health Service about the feasibility of birth control information and pill dissemination.

It also approved a new method for selection of the Daily Editor-in-Chief after rejecting a system of election.

Then it sought to make UGEQ bilingual. The motion was introduced by Richard Burkart, who succeeded external VP Mark Wilson late in October after Wilson resigned and went to the campus for a mandate to continue in office.

And the ASUS Course Guide will be back next year headed by Frank Swartz. He is probably the most misquoted person on campus.

Constitutional amendments never got off the ground either. Enough students couldn't be found to attend open meetings to send the business to referendum. One abortive attempt was quashed by the judicial committee.

The Daily put out the first completely French-language edition in its history on October 5. Reaction was mixed. Some were delighted, others couldn't understand it, and many disapproved of the content.

UGEQ, meanwhile, backed

demands for a second French university in Montreal. Towards the end of October, Education Minister Bertrand announced the government's plans for the eventual establishment of the university, but UGEQ has continued to apply pressure to speed up the plans.

Bishop's University voted against entry into UGEQ. A week later Sir George Williams University opted to stay in the union.

An intensive, two-month search for ex-Student Councillor Bert Kidd and Marjorie Sharp ended when two bodies found in a Missouri field were identified as those of the missing students. Both had been shot.

They had been reported missing after they failed to arrive back in Montreal after a summer vacation in Mexico. The search had involved Mexican authorities, Interpol, the RCMP and the FBI, who are still investigating the case.

James D. Ross, a former lecturer in philosophy at McGill, was shot and killed outside his home October 12. A 28-year-old free-lance photographer was later arrested and charged with murder and is still before the courts.

HARP is back in business — as an independent and incorporated project under the direction of the Space Research Institute. Testing was resumed at the Highwater, Que. site after a five-month layoff which resulted from withdrawal of financial support by the Canadian Government and the US Army. The Canadian Government withdrew support after it was decided that the project offered little benefit to Canadian defence or industry.

This year's blood drive was termed a failure by its organizers when only 3,671 pints were collected — far short of the 5,000 objective. The failure was attributed to "selfish heartlessness" by some Drive spokesmen. Next year the drive will revert to commercial selling techniques used in previous years.

Dormitory maids in the university residences threatened strike action in September and got better wages and working hours.

At l'U. de M., the students' society was reported to be in a severe state of financial crisis. A fee increase was successfully instituted over-

November 3 and all that

BATTLES have raged on campus for three years over what the Daily can and cannot print. Until this year, the paper's chief antagonist had been the Students' Council — out for the head of an editor whose policies rankled. But last month, the administration moved in and publicly charged the editors with conduct "incompatible with... status as a student."

The controversy stemmed from a satirical article reprinted from the *Realist* in the November 3 issue of *Flux*. The article entitled "The parts left out of the Kennedy Book", and describing necrophilia following the assassination of President Kennedy, ran in John Fekete's weekly column, *Boll Weevils*.

Soon after the *Dailies* arrived on campus they were systematically removed — by persons still unknown — before most students could get a copy.

Then local radio stations broadcast absurd reports of alleged events at McGill. First the Administration had seized the paper. Then it was the Montreal Police Morality Squad who took them and was "conferring with Administration officials on the possibility of laying charges".

By supper-hour, it was reported that the police had seized not only the newspapers but also the "printing presses in the McGill Daily offices". And Daily staffers listening in were informed they had all resigned, save Editor-in-Chief Peter Allnutt and Weevils columnist Fekete.

While these news items buzzed around them, the Daily managing board met to decide its next steps. Editor Allnutt felt, immediately upon seeing the column in the paper Friday morning, that its publication was a mistake.

He had approved the article three days earlier, along with Supplement editor, Pierre Fournier, after a discussion with Fekete. The editors disregarded the view that it would create an outcry. They knew it would draw some disapproval, but felt that most readers would take it as it was intended — as satire.

Friday morning, however, Allnutt realized that many would not see it this way and the column would be left open to misinterpretation.

That afternoon, the managing board decided to release an explanatory statement before external pressure could be placed upon the paper. But before the statement was issued, an open meeting of the Students' Society, originally called to discuss constitutional amendments, was presented with a motion demanding an apology from the Daily.

The motion was defeated 112-59.

LATE Friday afternoon, Students' Society President Peter Smith and Internal Vice-President Danny Trevick visited the Daily office and informed Allnutt that he, Fournier and Fekete were invited to an informal meeting with the Principal and others the next morning.

That evening Allnutt issued his statement to the press. It said the material had been printed as "political, social and literary satire" and was at no time intended to be credible. However, its publication was "an error in judgement".

Saturday morning the three visited the Principal's office, along with Smith and Trevick. Dr. Robertson summoned them to appear before the Senate Committee on Student Discipline on the charge of "participating in the publication of an obscene libel."

The committee was to meet Tuesday afternoon in the Administration Building.

Word of the charges spread quickly. That weekend and several times subsequently Allnutt was "informed" by various members of the political "right wing" on campus that they had talked to Administration officials and felt he would be best advised to resign. But the Editor's position was not vacated.

Monday morning the Students for a Democratic University published a tabloid headed "This Paper Contains Obscene Libel". The Krassner article and selections from Chaucer and Swift were reprinted.

That evening the Principal addressed a meeting of the Students' Council, convened at his request before a packed Union ballroom. He said his purpose was not to "threaten the Council or the Daily", adding, however, that the "Uni-



versity cannot stand aside when it may be harmed by student behaviour.

Tuesday the Senate Committee on Student Discipline was scheduled to meet in the ballroom for a meeting with members John Shingler, Stan Heppner and UGEQ President Peter Smith. SDU sympathizers then gathered outside the Administration Building.

An SDU pamphlet demanded that the trio be dropped, that the students and faculty prepare a student discipline and that they demand an end to Administration interference.

The Senate committee, meanwhile, met. Some 30 students blocked the meeting room and the Committee until the following Monday.

WHEN the three students had been informed of demonstrators' results, the student committee met with them and was told the charges would be dropped nor would the other four demonstrators.

The protesters then moved to the Administration Building and began a sit-in on the first floor but spread to the entire building.

Although he would not drop the charges, Principal Robertson informed the Students' Council Tuesday that the charges were dropped. The three were now charged with "conducting a sit-in which contravenes standards acceptable by and in this university."

By Wednesday night, SDU sit-in continued while the Senate statement said the committee was "to consider conducting the public".



"freeze the fees" effort by AGEUM.

On a different note, Inter-vice-President Danny Treve revealed late in October that all the food in the cafeteria was grade A. At the same time, the cafeteria lost \$3,000 in the first year of operation despite a loss in caterer. The VP introduced a new TV in the Union lounge, and a disciplinary committee dealt severely with parking pirates.

He came back to his duties this term.

On the athletic side, the men's football team topped the three year won-loss record to 2 and 16. The Varsity basketball squad showed championship potential. The Hockey team has been disappointing slowly. Otherwise, all was as it always been. John Saris is still on the switch. Anatole Shorncroft is and Saeed Mirza has sighted on campus.

Myron has learned to French.



The fight for involvement

This was the year of the student-administration confrontation: activists decided they wanted a say in running their universities, and, in most cases they got it, in one form or another; when they didn't, demonstrations often forced results. McGill was no exception.

Early in the year, members of Students' Council got copies of the now-fabled External Affairs Report, a series of documents and proposals prepared by External Vice-president Mark Wilson and Director of Education John Fekete over the summer.

The report advocated a more representative Board of Governors and open Senate meetings, saying "the entire question (of change) must be viewed... in the context of democratization of basic social structures of which the university is one."

Other concepts the report backed were universal accessibility to education, activist high school programs, and student co-ops. Motions attached to the reports asked Students' Council to adopt the proposals of the reports as official policy.

At Council's first meeting of the year, it tabled the entire thing, and asked the administration to send a representative to present its case "at its convenience."

At the next meeting, Dean Woods of Arts and Science, claiming he wasn't an "official representative" of the Administration, told Council he opposed opening Senate meetings and putting students on the Board of Governors. Councillors proceeded to attack the report until early the next morning. What came out after six hours of

debate bore little resemblance to what had been proposed by Wilson and Fekete.

Council passed a motion calling for open decision-making, but then voted to keep its representatives on Senate committees in spite of the fact that they remained closed... and so on...

That afternoon, what was left of the External Affairs Report died: Wilson and Fekete resigned, charging Council was "ignoring the genuine needs of its constituents."

Accolade?

Maclean's magazine calls McGill students the most involved in Canada; the others weren't far behind this year.

Students at the University of British Columbia elected four student senators who promptly asked the Senate to open its meetings. The University of Saskatchewan also got four student senators; so did Queen's, and Loyola got three. The administration at Lakehead University backed down in a fight with students over course changes. Dalhousie students rejected an administration offer of students on their Senate, charging tokenism, as did the undergraduates at the University of Western Ontario.

The McGill committee studying the Duff-Berndahl Report made its recommendations. Among them was one to expand the Senate to 48 members including three students. A motion delegating the president and the external vice-president to negotiate with the administration for changes in the university structure in accordance with the External Affairs motions passed earlier in the year was voted down by Council. Instead, it set up a committee to study the report and to receive briefs.

For a while, it looked as though McGill was going to lose the title of the most activist university in Canada to the concrete campus a few blocks away. When Sir George students, prodded by the georgian, asked for a say in running their bookstore, they were told by a senior administrative official, "who runs this university anyway?" That was enough to push the Council into calling a strike, the ultimate weapon in the students' arsenal, labelled at Berkeley "for use in times of extreme emergency only." The strike got them a say in the Bookstore, and a committee to look into general means of democratizing the university.

Maclean's was right

It didn't take long for McGill to regain its title, and the newspaper was once again in the forefront of the action, or, more accurately, the cause of the action. It all started November 3, with the reprinting of "The Parts that were left out of the Kennedy Book" from the May issue of The Realist...

In the middle of the Daily crisis, the Senate set up a committee composed of four students, four faculty members and four administration members, to "join together in the common search for new values that unite the university community in a common enterprise." Those four students have just been elected. Hopefully they will be successful in their demands; but if they are not, actions both here and at other campuses have shown that there are other ways for students to accomplish their aims.

That night Students' Council referred the issue to the judicial committee. The motion stipulated that if the committee decided the editor had acted "in bad faith, the position of Editor-in-Chief would be immediately declared vacant".

Council also refused a Senate invitation to send two voting delegates to the Discipline Committee.

Thursday, occupation of the Administration Building continued while various professors held seminars on "the role of the student", the "role of the university" and "the value of civil disobedience".

But early Friday morning the Administration Building was a far different place. Protesters had entered the Principal's private office and refused to leave until the charges were dropped. He refused. They stayed.

The protesters were summoned to the Discipline Committee and the university called in Montreal Police Department. While officers conferred with Administration officials inside, a group of demonstrators outside the building became involved in a near riot with police as the cops attempted to move them away from the building.

During the melee, Political Science lecturer Gray was arrested, and charged with assaulting a police officer. He was later acquitted.

Then the police began carrying students out of the building. They were picked up, taken down the elevators and dropped outside. During the scuffle with police, several students suffered bumps and bruises while Gray sported a neck brace the next day.

MEANWHILE, the editor of the U of T paper, the *Varsity*, had published one vital paragraph from the Krassner article and was attacked in the local press. The Toronto Administration, however, decided the affair was a student matter and took no disciplinary action.

Monday, November 13, the Discipline committee met again, this time on the top floor of a secluded building on Pine Avenue West. It ruled that meetings would not be open, split the cases into two and allowed Fournier and Allnutt, whose case was to come first, to bring two observers each to subsequent sessions.

That night the Students' Society judicial committee met and heard testimony from the *Daily* managing board and Internal VP Trevick. It later ruled Allnutt had not acted in bad faith, but termed publication of the realist article "irresponsible".

Wednesday night Students' Council took one of its strongest stands of the year in passing a motion protesting the Administration's actions and requesting that it drop the charges. The Discipline Committee announced that hearings would be televised.

The next day the first hearing took place in the old Chemistry Building with closed-circuit television coverage piped in to L132. The committee questioned only Allnutt, who described events prior to the decision to run the article and his subsequent statement terming it an "error in judgement".

The following Monday, John Fekete filed a motion in Superior Court asking for a writ of evocation which would lift the matter from the Senate's jurisdiction. Meanwhile, the Students' Society executive decided to hold a poll to determine campus opinion on the Administration's actions.

TUESDAY the Committee met again, with Fournier and Allnutt arguing that the issue was a student affair and the Administration should let the student body handle it. The committee began to deal with "standards of decency" but no definition of the charge was attained.

The television rating plummeted.

Wednesday, the Executive's opinion poll was held with a 2,964-2,453 vote upholding the Administration's pressing of charges. A greater majority rejected a student strike on the issue.

The next day the Discipline Committee performed before an even smaller audience as members quizzed the editors on whether the article could have been printed to provoke a student-administration confrontation. Allnutt and Fournier replied that if that were their goal they certainly "would not have chosen this article".

(Continued on page 14)

The news in review was prepared by:

MARC RABOY
ELLY ALBOIM
DANNY LEVINSON
DANNY RODEN

Art by:

NICK DEICHMANN
DAVID MILLER

Wooden stairs built on hill after plumber pens protest

It seems it was just a coincidence.

Last Thursday, a letter appeared in the Daily from Abraham Borychowski, B Eng2, complaining about the treacherous slope between Dawson Hall and the McConnell Engineering Building. By Monday morning wooden steps covered the hill.

But "it's purely coincidental," said P.A. Cunningham, Superintendent of Buildings and Grounds.

Upon hearing about the letter, he said he was pleased that "the young man had shown interest".

"It would have been nice if it had been prompted that way," he added, "However I was just doing my job. I never read the Daily."

But Borychowski, who is "very pleased" with the stairs, still feels his letter to the Daily and a similar one which he sent to Principal H. Locke Robertson, did play a role.

Referring to Cunningham's statement as "the laugh of the week", he said, "It's funny they never did anything about it before."

Quebec seminar scheduled

The first annual McGill Seminar on Quebec Affairs will be held January 17-20.

The aim of the seminar is "to draw the attention of the McGill community to the changing forces and influences in the society of Quebec, of which McGill must form an integral part."

Speakers will include Hubert Guindon of Sir George Williams University, on "Resurgence of Conservatism in Quebec"; Jacques Godbout on "Culture as a Progressive Economic and Psychological Force"; Jean-Paul Desbiens, Department of Education, and Fernand Daoust, Federation des Travaillateurs du Québec, leading a panel discussion, and Le Chanoine de Grandmison, speaking on the role of the church in Quebec.

All speeches will be open to the public and locations will be announced.

Dr. Michael Oliver, Academic Vice-Principal of the University, will address the opening banquet, and Professor Laurier La-Pierre the closing banquet.

Claude Gauthier, Québec chansonnier, will appear in concert January 19 at 9 pm at the Théâtre du Gesù, 1200 Bleury. Tickets are on sale at the Union Box Office.

There will be a dance and light show in the Union Ballroom January 20 at 8:30 pm. It will feature The Sinners and The Albert Failey Blues Band. Tickets are also at the Union Box Office.

kets are also at the Union Box Office.

A cartoon display by Bertio, cartoonist for *Le Devoir* will be showing all week in the third floor lobby of the Union. There will be about 500 books relevant to Quebec and Canada on sale in the Bookstore.

Tapestries and other Quebec arts will be on display the same week, in the Union.

Result of cancellations

Job interview policy subject of talks

The University Placement Committee will meet next week to discuss policy for on-campus interviews by firms alleged to be manufacturing material used in the war in Viet Nam.

The talks arise out of the administration's cancellation in late November of on-campus interviews of Dow Chemical of Canada, Canadian Industries Limited and Hawker-Siddeley.

In a letter sent November 16 to the Association at McGill to End the War in Viet Nam, Principal H. Locke Robertson said the interviews would not be held "because of the possibility that the three companies would not wish to be involved in disturbances and because of the university's equal concern on this score." He added that he had obtained the consent of the companies to hold the interviews off campus.

W. Wallace Muir, vice-president of Hawker-Siddeley, said in a letter to *The Montreal Star* that his company refused to hold the interviews off campus and

that "either we are welcome on campus or we are not."

He also said "we did not make the decision not to keep the appointments at McGill." He explained that a senior officer of the university telephoned him and told him about a letter signed by about 60 faculty members asking the university to refuse to allow on-campus recruiting by companies said to be making supplies for the Viet Nam war.

Dr. Thomas Pavlesek, chairman of the Placement Committee said that the Committee will discuss the adoption of a selective or non-selective policy but will

probably not come to an immediate decision. The 15-member committee has two student members.

Pavlesek said the decision to discuss policy reflected no major change in policy.

At the University of Toronto, where on-campus recruiting was blocked recently, Dow Chemical resumed interviews Wednesday. The interviews proceeded peacefully, with 75 demonstrators protesting the interviews being met by 200 counter-demonstrators, mostly engineers.

COMPACT CONTACT



Why carry around a whole chemistry set full of potions for wetting, cleaning and soaking contact lenses? Lensine is here! It's an all-purpose solution for complete lens care, made by the Murine Company. So what else is new? Well, the removable lens carrying case on the bottom of every bottle, that's new, too. And it's exclusive with Lensine, the solution for all your contact lens problems.



for contacts

COURSE IN BASIC JUDAISM TO BEGIN JANUARY

Rabbi Joseph Deitcher will conduct a five-session lecture discussion course in Basic Judaism beginning on Wednesday evening, January 24th and every second week thereafter until Mid-March. The course will focus on an analysis of fundamental Jewish concepts, with particular reference to:

1. Torah
2. The Sabbath
3. The Dietary Laws
4. The Family
5. Jewish Ethics

Registration is requested immediately by leaving your name, address and telephone number at the Hillel Office, 845-9171.

Play competition opens

The English Department and the Players' Club are co-sponsoring a one-act play competition open to graduate and undergraduate students. Plays can be new or previously performed.

A panel of three judges will select the winning play on the basis of live theatre potential rather than on literary merit. The play must also indicate the writer's capacity for aesthetic effect.

In keeping with the purpose of the competition, which is to encourage theatre as the living art of actors, director, designer and others as well as a script, the winning play will be performed by Sandwich Theatre in

February. The writer's prize will be the chance to work closely with the student director and actors.

Alan Hughes and Martha Borgman are in charge of this year's competition. More plays will be performed next year if response to the contest is good.

The deadline for submissions is January 18. Competition rules can be obtained at the English Department office in Room 155 of the Arts Building.

New body...

(Continued from page 3)

Principal H. Locke Robertson is to be an *ex-officio* member of the sub-committee and Registrar Colin McDougall will act as secretary.

Representing the faculty will be B. W. Boville (Meteorology), J. C. McLelland (Divinity), Howard Roseborough (Sociology and Anthropology) and Robert Vogel (History).

The student representatives, elected last week, are Richard Burkart, Jeffrey Marvin, Robert Robinson and David Ticol.

The proposed agenda for Tuesday's session includes a discussion of the nature and role of the university today and the relationships between the groups composing it.

Ticol intends to propose that the tri-partite sub-committee meetings be open to the public.

SC...

(Continued from page 3)

The report of the Macdonald Currie Accounting firm on the Financial Reporting Procedures and Accounting Practices of the Students' Society was tabled. The report, which cost \$1000, made several recommendations, including the establishment of a Financial Board to assist the already existing Finance Committee.

Student...

(Continued from page 3)

signed nomination Wong said "It was a question of time. Beitel would have had an hour in which to do this."

The ASUS constitution states it is under no obligation to accept the decision or recommendations of the Judicial Committee. A call for re-election of the Second Year Reps would come at the discretion of the ASUS Executive.

Wong said all complaints must be directed to the Executive or the Chief Returning Officer. Beitel had seven days following the closing of the polls in which to do this but he did not. By going directly to the Judicial Committee, "Beitel tried to circumvent the Executive but in the end it has to come back to them. If you are going to run for office you have fulfil certain obligations; you have to sign your name to a form, not just leave it on a piece of paper," Wong said.

The ASUS has not yet received an official decision from the Judicial Committee.

ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER

One of the most remarkable American authors of our time and the greatest contemporary Yiddish writer, will be at

HILLEL HOUSE

3460 Stanley St.

Fri. Dec. 15

1 pm

FOR AN INFORMAL NOON HOUR FORUM

DECEMBER 15, 1967

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**THE ACE IS HUNGRY,
HIS ATTITUDE IS GOOD**

Hell's bells, jock fans, Redmen grid scribe promoted to SSW and finishes year on desk for Xmas spectacular Blank me. Anyway, it's time for the new fun game that's sweeping the campus. It's time to play Famous Last Words.

Here are a few examples of how the game is played. Just use your imagination and put the words in the mouths. A campus journalist and television star: "I didn't know the gun was loaded." A coach: "If

(Continued on page 16)

Take René Lévesque — one of the few French Canadians who's willing to explain in both languages how the game is rigged and what has to be done to remedy it. A politician who talks reality is a strange entity in this country.

We could say it is his kind who made this year. But that isn't true either. The important persons are those who by their ignorant silence proved that the present system is suicidal.

Advocates of change are merely instruments to be used in creating a new society. But first they must be understood and the operation they are fighting against must be seen.

The fall of 1967 was when a few more people woke up on this campus and began to see and to understand. Nor did they leave it at that, as they actively opposed an arbitrary Administrative disciplinary measure which mocked the very concept of a Students' Society. Some 1300 indicated they would strike on the issue.

The opposition to a passive and meaningless teaching system, to a repressive system of controls and to a society which is based on a demand curve is here. Those who wish to keep them will have more trouble in 1968.

Year of conception

Judy Lamarsh said it was going to be a big year and no one could doubt the word of anyone who takes on the CBC. It was.

Confederation year made many heros. Jean Drapeau started out like one — it is no easy feat to hide some of the worst slums in the country while serving cocktails on a nearby island. Then he turned around and sold out his own family when a visiting relative upset the mortgage holder.

Lester Pearson used this visit to prove publicly that he isn't a complete eunuch. And the child he bore will allow history to

record him as the last Centennial Prime Minister.

But Cardinal Léger caught them all without their makeup. He copped out of the system, going off to try out Christianity — something few others had considered.

Closer to home our own Principal assured the country that the Administration would run the university. Nor would anyone dare challenge it. He deserves at least third star — having stickhandled through a maze of students and faculty and coming out still holding the puck in both hands.

But it is easy to identify artificial heros. We could point to a few who really deserve the title.

Letters

●●●●●●●●●●

Needs legions

Sir,
In my capacity of managing editor of the 1968 Course Guide, I would like to point out certain inaccuracies in Ellen Roseman's newsfeature which appeared in last Friday's Daily. Neither myself nor the Editor-in-Chief were formally interviewed at any time prior to the appearance of the article. At no time was the budget estimated at \$15,000.

Miss Roseman also reported that Frank Swartz "feels the last course guide was too 'bellicose', and needlessly controversial". This is an extremely loose interpretation of what Swartz said in his policy statement. What our policy statement did say was that the last course guide contained a TREND toward bellicosity which we would try not to pursue. What we do plan is a Course Guide which will improve on the many faulty aspects of the first one.

The section of Miss Roseman's article which intrigued me was the one which suggests on the one hand that the Course Guide be taken over by the SC and on the other hand condemns the ASUS for "administrative problems and petty squabbles" which, she feels, may "again scuttle the Course Guide." We are not certain that the SC, with its dubious flair for efficiency and rapid constructive action, would produce the type of Course Guide we would like to put out.

Swartz is attempting an ambitious program. We will need legions of hard-working volunteers to get the book out. A

definite asset would be more accurate information in future Dailys.

Michael Boone BA 2

Who said what?

Sir,
Perhaps I might be able to shed some light on the activities of at least one member of our noble executive — namely our judicious vice-president, Dan Trevick. The day after the break-in I was standing in front of the Arts Building with a girl listening to the various speakers on the topic of cop presence on campus. I overheard Mr. Trevick state that he had either called in the cops or used all his persuasive powers on Dr. Robertson to do so. I whirled around and asked him if this was true. At first he delayed but then answered in the affirmative. I then started a long denunciation of his soul. At no time did he deny his part in the "cop affair".

Don Caragata, BA 2

(Mr. Trevick says "This is a complete misunderstanding. I knew the police were being called in but I certainly didn't have the power to do it. And they didn't ask me my opinion." — ed.)

Open up

Sir,
I would like to present a brief resumé of facts concerning the recent cancellations of employment interviews by three major Canadian corporations. The consequences of these facts are going to influence the future of this university and need to be publicly examined.

A letter about placement policy was sent to Dr. H. Locke Robertson by the Association at McGill to End the War in Viet Nam and signed by about 60 faculty members. The letter

stated that McGill was engaging in a form of cooperation with companies "engaged in supplying materials vital to the American war effort in Viet Nam," and that "such cooperation is incompatible with the ideals of a university — an institution traditionally dedicated to the improvement of man." The letter requested that Dr. Robertson not allow the interviews to be held. Dr. Robertson replied that the three companies had been requested not to hold interviews because he, and possibly the companies involved, wished to avoid "disturbances". Dow Chemical of Canada, Canadian Industries Ltd., and Hawker-Siddeley cancelled interviews.

On November 28 a letter from James Clift, President of the Engineering Undergraduate Society, and signed by members of his executive and Pat Cavanagh, SC rep, was printed in the Daily. It expressed the Engineering Society's resentment of the cancellations. The letter concluded, "We believe that any limiting action (in regard to the interviews)... is inconsistent with the university's function of providing the widest range of job opportunities for its graduating class."

On December 9 (during the week in which the Daily stopped publication prior to the Christmas holiday) an article appeared in the "Montreal Gazette" stating that the University Placement Committee, a body formed after the cancellation of the interview, plans to hold meetings soon "to discuss the university's adoption of a selective or non-selective policy for firms alleged to be taking part in the war."

It is apparent that behind the question of whether or not to

allow arms producers onto campus is the more fundamental disagreement concerning the role and nature of the university. This can be seen by the different university functions cited by Mr. Clift's letter and the first letter sent to the Principal by the Association to End the War. It is apparent that when a fundamental difference of opinion exists within the university, which impinges upon a specific pragmatic decision, full, open debate is necessary.

It is necessary that the meetings of the University Placement Committee be open and well publicized so that all interested persons and groups may present their relevant arguments and information, so that an open democratic decision in this matter can be made.

Bartholomew Crago

Acting Chairman,
Association at McGill to End
the War in Viet Nam

Calling all Whigs

Sir,
There is only one man who is capable of leading the Liberals and unifying Canada. I would ask any of your readers who are interested in joining an ad hoc committee for Pierre-Eliot Trudeau to please come to a meeting at 1:00 today in Room B-23 of the Union, or to call me at 849-0249.

Martin Shapiro BSc 3

Fatalistic and ruthless

Sir,
Your editorial concerning the recent emission of the B&B report is not only slanderous to the good intentions of Canadian unifiers but also mocks the very integrity of your newspaper.

To suggest that there is no immediate applicability of the report is to say that there is no immediate need for remedy. Bilingual districts are not only conducive to remedying present aggravated circumstances, but also to the future construction of a New Canada.

In fact the New Canada must be a confederation of not provinces but of regional areas, bilingual in scope and character. To say that this is a confederation of sugar plums is to say that the present set up is a loose union of sugar plum pits.

Any more pithy allusions to an impotent BB is tantamount to fatalistic, ruthless bombast.

Harold Walker MA 1

Wanted

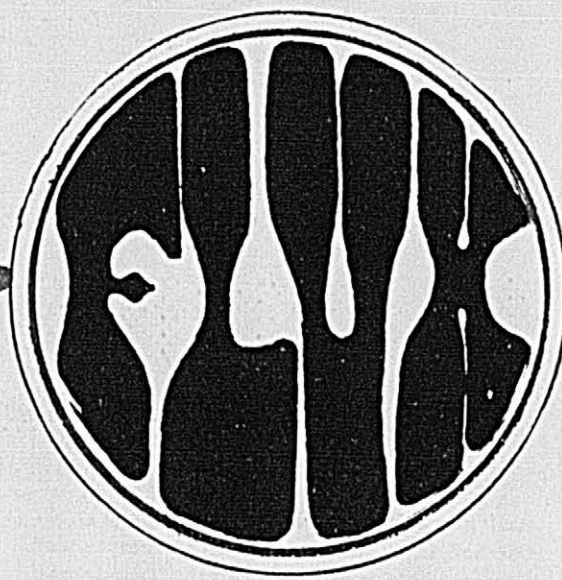
Sir,
Every Christmas a group of friends of mine contributes some money to buy food and clothing for a poor family in Montreal — from the poor to the poor, you might say. Last week when we visited such a family, we met a young 22 year old French-Canadian lad who has become blind as the result of a car accident. This gentleman is getting free private lessons from several volunteers, and his greatest need at the moment is a typewriter (not braille).

If anyone reading this appeal has a typewriter, which he might be willing to donate to this blind young man, we would greatly appreciate hearing from him. The undersigned may be contacted (in the evening) at 849-4665; or the typewriter may be left (with the donor's name, address and telephone number) in Room 508, the Leacock Building.

Sadat Kazi

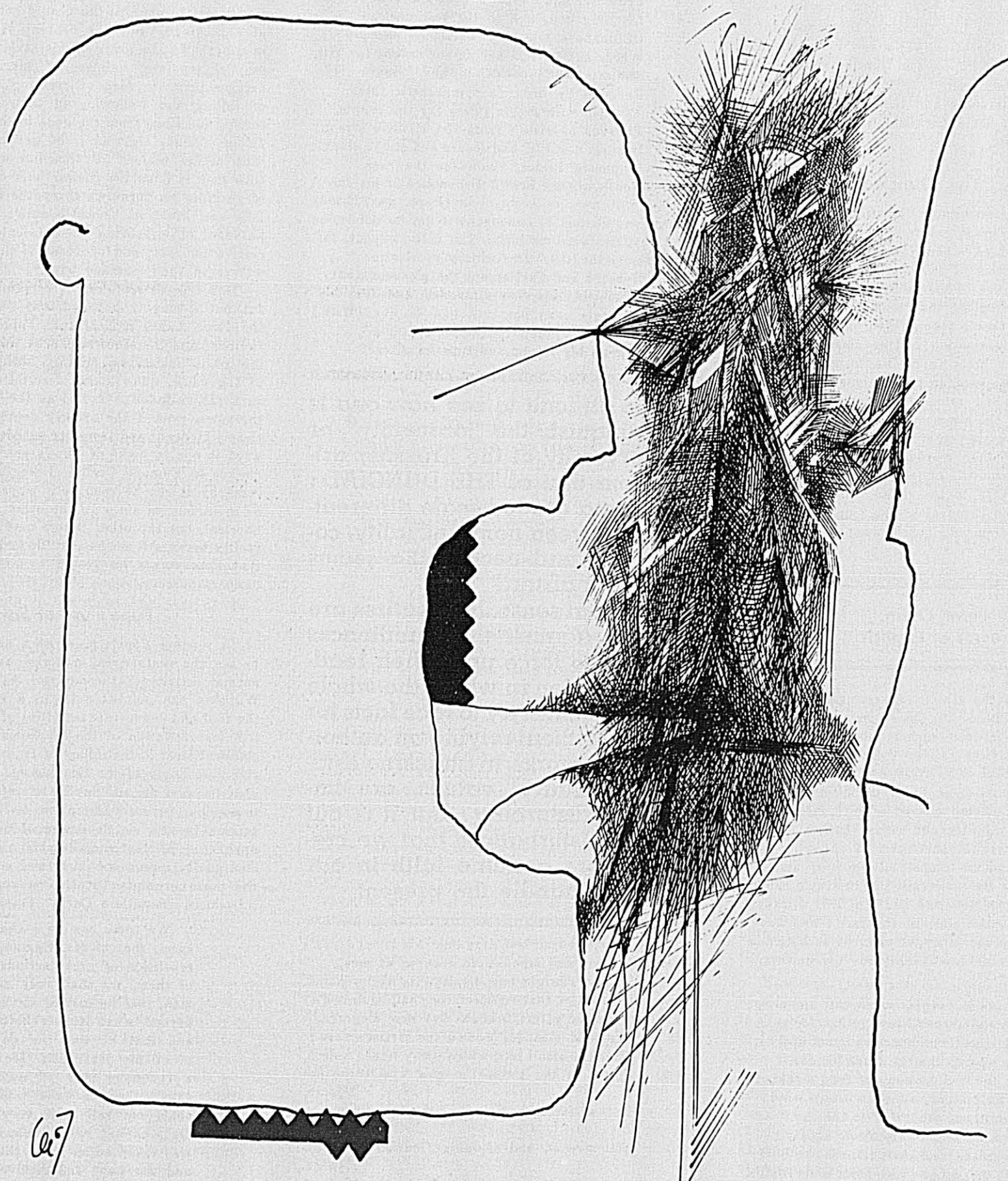
McGILL

DAILY SUPP



LEMENT

DEC. 15, 1927.



LITERARY ISSUE

... contest results - page 6



THE KRASSNER PIECE...

In its present deliberations, it may be helpful to the Committee to consider some examples of earlier English satire which offer particularly close points of comparison. I would like therefore to present for the Committee's consideration, (1) a few examples of the satire in Alexander Pope's *The Dunciad* (published with gradual additions from 1728 to 1743), (2) some of the historical references and their implications in that poem, and (3) some parallels to the case now before the Committee.

Pope's "The Dunciad"

As his mock-commentator Martinus Scriblerus points out, Pope's great poem, *The Dunciad*, was written "in those days, when (after providence had permitted the Invention of Printing as a scourge for the Sins of the learned) Paper also became so cheap, and printers so numerous, that a deluge of authors cover'd the land." Pope's theme, then, is the gradual destruction and vulgarization of the classical tradition by the popular press in all its forms. To embody that theme, he chose, in the manner of classical poets, "one, great and remarkable action," namely, "the introduction of the lowest diversions of the rabble in Smithfield to be the entertainment of the court and town; or in other words, the Action of the *Dunciad* is the Removal of the Imperial seat of Dulness from the City to the polite world; as that of the *Aeneid* is the Removal of the empire of Troy to Latium." (*The Dunciad*, Twickenham ed. London, 1963, pp. 49-51).

by Peter Ohlin,
Professor of English

In analogy with the athletic funeral games in the *Aeneid*, Pope introduces, in the second book of the *Dunciad*, contests between various historical characters, mainly booksellers (or in today's terminology, publishers) and poets. The first of these is a race between the two publishers Bernard Lintot and Edmund Curll. After having gained a quick lead, Curll slides on a puddle of filth and refuse (which one of his female allies was in the habit of throwing out every morning) and is temporarily out of action: "Obscene with filth the miscreant lies bewray'd, / Fal'n in the plash his wickedness had laid" (p. 299). He then prays to Jove for assistance in the race; and Jove, in a ludicrously obscene fancy, is pictured as listening to such petitions while performing his excrementary functions:

A Place there is, betwixt earth, air, and seas;
Where, from Ambrosia, Jove retires for ease.
There in his seat two spacious vents appear,
On this he sits, to that he leans his ear,
And hears the various vows of fond mankind;
Some beg an eastern, some a western wind:
All vain petitions, mounting to the sky,
With reams abundant this abode supply;
Amus'd he reads, and then returns the bills
Sign'd with that Ichor which from Gods Distills.
In office here fair Cloacina stands,
And ministers to Jove with purest hands.
Forth from the heap she pick'd her Vot'ry
[pray'r,

And plac'd it next him, a distinction rare!
Oft had the Goddess heard her servant's call,
From her black grottos near the Temple-wall,
List'ning delighted to the jest unclean
Of linkboys vile, and watermen obscene;
Where as he fish'd her nether realms for Wit,
She oft had favour'd him, and favours yet.
Renewed by ordure's sympathetic force,
As oiled with magic juices for the course,
Vig'rous he rises; from the effluvia strong
Imbibes new life, and scours and stinks along;
Re-passes Lintot, vindicates the race,
Nor heeds the brown dishonours of his face.

(Pope, pp. 229-300)

A second contest is announced to try to determine "Who best can send on high/ The salient spout, far-streaming to the sky," i.e. urinary prowess:

Osborne and Curl accept the glorious strife,
(Tho' this his Son dissuades, and that his
[Wife.]

One on his manly confidence relies,
One on his vigour and superior size.

XX

It is difficult to see how one is to distinguish the "obscenity" or the perversity of the Krassner article from that of *THE DUNCIAD*: to set up a graded scale differentiating between homosexuality, coprophilia, and necrophilia seems somewhat absurd...

In a real sense, both satires are directed against their audiences in trying to force upon their readers a situation in which the whole individual must try to face facts for himself, without relying on authorities. Both works, in attacking established cultural values, are immensely disturbing; but it is out of such disturbances that we create a more genuine faith in our ability to handle the present.

XX

First Osborne lean'd against his letter'd post;
It rose, and labour'd to a curve at most.
So Jove's bright bow displays its wat'ry round,
(Sure sign, that no spectator shall be drown'd)
A second effort brought but new disgrace,
The wild Meander wash'd the Artist's face:
Thus the small jett, which hasty hands unlock,
Spirts in the gardner's eyes who turns the

[cock.

Not so from shameless Curl; impetuous

[spread

The stream, and smoking flourish'd o'er his

[head.

So (fam'd like thee for turbulence and horns)
Eridanus his humble fountain scorns;
Thro' half the heav'ns he pours th'exalted

[urn;

His rapid waters in their passage burn.

(Pope, pp. 303-304)

The grace and elegance of Pope's verses may at first seem to obscure the deadly content of the poem at this stage. But the content is there and it is in contrast to the grace of his style that Pope insists on the repulsive ugliness of his protagonists. He accuses them, in fact, of creating nothing but filth, of falling and wallowing in their own filth, of receiving blessings from the gods in the form of urinary (albeit divine) signatures, of getting their wit from "the nether realms" of Cloacina who, of course, in turn gets it from the similar part of Jove's anatomy, of thriving on "ordure's sympathetic force," of imbibing new life from cloacal odours; and in the second passage, of measuring their talent in terms of excretive abilities, and of venereal disease ("His rapid waters in their passage burn.")

This type of scatology is certainly less than tasteful, but it may be objected that the very medium of the verse makes it clear that Pope's account is here fictional and therefore not to be taken seriously. But the poem insists on mixing, within the framework of the verse, quite literal descriptions of events and such rather fanciful stories as the ones quoted. Furthermore, even if the urinary contest is dismissed as clearly fictional and therefore satirical (and harmless), what is one to make of Pope's accusation of venereal disease in Edmund Curll? I would suggest that necessarily it can be read both ways: it can be taken as metaphorical since all the other things seem metaphorical, but the other things may also assume more reality because it seems real. It is in that uncertainty that Pope forces his reader to contemplate the contemporary scene.

Pope's use of Satire

In reading Pope's poem as a satire it is possible to see the scatological material as a symbol of the normal activity of the dunces; As Professor Aubrey Williams has pointed out, "in a broader sense, too, the foul and degenerate activities serve as an imaginative manifestation of the debasement suffered by the classical ideal in the milieu of Dulness", (*Pope's Dunciad: A Study of its Meaning*, p. 53). But Pope can also be said to add insult to injury by making it impossible to read the poem as simply a harmless satire: by the simple device of adding an elaborate apparatus of footnotes to his poem, he seems to continually assert the historical correctness of what the poem presents; at the moment when the poem introduces "dauntless Curll," Pope adds a footnote:

We come now to a character of much respect, that of Mr. Edmund Curll. As a plain repetition of great actions is the best praise of them, we shall only say of this eminent man, that he carried the Trade many lengths beyond what it ever before had arrived at, and that he was the envy and admiration of all his profession. He possess himself of a command over all authors whatever; he caus'd them to write what he pleas'd; they could not call their very names their own. He was not only famous among these; he was taken notice of by the State, the Church, and the Law, and received particular marks of distinction from each.

(Pope, p. 109)

(Continued on page 3)

... in the tradition of pope and swift



The Krassner piece...

(Continued from page 2)

This eloquent tribute is somewhat ironical in view of his performance in the poem; but its absolute historical verisimilitude (added to the sheer weight of the footnote as such) makes it impossible to see the attack on Curll as anything less than real. In a sense, however, Pope is also juggling with history, for the recognition that Curll received from State, Church and Law, consisted in being reprimanded by the House of Lords for one of his publications, in being prosecuted and fined for libel on numerous occasions and sentenced to stand in the pillory at least once.

But Pope's footnote blissfully goes on to assert that the glorious treatment he receives in the poem is in fact quite admirably suited to Curll's historical presence:

It will be own'd that he is here introduced with all possible dignity: he speaks like the intrepid Diomed; he runs like the swift-footed Achilles; if he falls, 'tis like the beloved Nisus; and (what Homer makes to be the chief of all praises) he is favour'd of the Gods: He says but three words, and his prayer is heard: a Goddess conveys it to the seat of Jupiter. Tho' he loses the prize, he gains the victory; the great Mother herself comforts him, she inspires him with expedients, she honours him with an immortal present (such as Achilles receives from Thetis and Aeneas from Venus) at once instructive and prophetic: After this, he is unrival'd and trimphant. (Pope, p. 104)

This passage, in other words, after explicitly recognising the full historical existence of Curll, goes on to create a further irony in suggesting relationships between the poem and actuality, between classical glories and present vulgarization.

In a similar manner, Pope adds to the couplet on Curll's venereal disease ("Thro' half the heav'ns he pours th'exalted urn/His rapid waters in their passage burn") a footnote on the appropriateness of the word burn in this context:

In a manuscript Dunciad (where are some marginal corrections of some gentlemen some time decess'd) I have found another reading of these lines, thus,

And lifts his urn thro' half the heav'ns
[to flow,

His rapid waters in their passage glow.
This I cannot but think the right: For first, tho' the difference between burn and glow may seem not very material to others, to me I confess the latter has an elegance, a "Jenescay quoy", which is much easier to be conceiv'd than explained. (Pope, p. 122)

After having thus called attention to the word burn, he adopts it as the correct reading to show how far he is from wishing to insult such a prominent man:

I am aware after all, that burn is the proper word to convey an idea of what was said to be Mr. Curll's condition at that time. But from that very reason I infer the direct contrary. For surely every lover of our author will conclude he had more humanity, than to insult a man on such a misfortune or calamity, which could never befall him purely by his own fault, but from an unhappy communication with another.

(Pope, p. 123)

In effect, what he is doing is to use the historical nature of the footnotes to sharpen his fictional satire. In treating history in this way, Professor Williams points out

The simple fact is that historical truth is distorted by Pope so as to be more metaphorical; with a large residue of actual duncery still clinging about them, he alters the personages of his poem to make them appear more perfect vehicles for his subject — dullness in human kind... But where the reality leaves off and the fancy begins is difficult

for the reader to discover; we are faced with dunces who are neither wholly here — in the poem — nor there — in history. (Williams, p. 64)

One more example of this kind of deliberate distortion of history may be cited. Pope uses the technique of making his targets seem to deny something that has not even been charged; thus they raise a question of a guilt which nobody has been aware of before their protestations. In commenting on the following lines,

Behold yon pair, in strict embraces join'd;
How like their manners, and how like their
[mind!
Fam'd for good-nature, B(urnet) for truth;
D(ucket) for pious passion to the youth,

he first assures the reader that the lines are a literal translation of Virgil (Aeneid, V 293-6) and surely "never interpreted in a perverse sense," and then goes on:

But it will astonish the Reader to hear, that on no other occasion than this line, a Delicacy was written to this Gentleman to induce him to think something farther. "Sir, you are known to have all that affection for the beautiful part of creation which God and Nature design'd. — Sir, you have a very fine Lady — and Sir, you have eight very fine Children," — etc. (Dedic. to Dennis Rem. on the Rape of the Lock.) The truth is, the poor Dedicator's brain was turn'd upon this article; he had taken into his head that ever since some Books were printed against the Stage, and since the Italian Opera had prevailed; the nation was infected with a vice not fit to be nam'd. He went so far as to print upon this subject, and concludes his argument with this remark, "that he cannot help thinking the Obscenity of Plays excusable at this juncture, since, when that execrable sin is spread so wide, it may be of use to the reducing men's minds to the natural desire of women." Dennis, Stage defended against Mr. Law, p. 20. Our author has solemnly declared to me, he never heard any creature but the Dedicator mention that Vice and this Gentlemen together. (Pope, pp. 169-170)

The effect of this use of historical evidence, as Professor Williams points out, is that "Dennis's officious and damaging defence of 'this Gentleman', his parade of the 'very fine Lady' and 'the eight very fine Children' as proof of sexual normality, his support of stage obscenity as a safeguard against homosexuality... all these elements make him appear, in the note too preposterous to be 'real' — a fanatic"; (Williams, pp. 72 — 73) it also suggests a guilt which nobody was aware of before the defence.

These examples should make it clear that Pope handles historical facts rather freely, both in the poem (where it might normally be defensible) and in the footnotes (where the design to mislead the reader becomes much more deliberate). Some of the historical statements are impossible to prove (Professor James Sutherland, of University College, London, in his note to The Dunciad, points out that "there appears to be no clear evidence to support the unsavoury charge about Curll's 'condition'; but he was 'generally held to be of an immoral character'", Pope p. 123), and as Professor Williams suggests, "in the absence of proof one may contend that this, along with all the other distortions, constitutes libel of the worst sort" (Williams, p. 75)

Pope himself was certainly aware of the distinction between satire and libel; in the preface to his Imitations of Horace, he writes:

And indeed there is not in the world a greater Error, than that which Fools are so apt to fall into, and Knaves with good reason to encourage, the mistaking a Satyrst for a Libeller; whereas to a true Satyrst nothing is so odious as a Libeller, for the same reason as to a man truly Virtuous nothing is so hateful as a Hypocrite.

And in considering Pope's satire in The Dunciad, it must be remembered, as Professor Williams repeat-

edly points out, that "all art involves a distortion of the historical, the 'real... some kind of distortion is always an artistic necessity." If the epic hero is given certain characteristics by the convention in which he appears, so is the target of satire in that convention. "Ordinary mortality is heightened and exalted in the one convention... it is lowered and debased in the other" (p. 76).

Above all, Pope's device creates a great deal of deliberate uncertainty in the reader as to how much is really true of the world he is surveying:

In the presence of such entities both real and unreal, the reader himself is asked to participate in a mixed awareness. It is always a case of both/and, never a simple either/or. For anyone who cannot suffer such a state of affairs, the simplest solution is either to see the persons involved as types, the situation as wholly fictionalized, or on the other hand, to read the notes primarily from the point of view of personal satire, to insist that the satire cannot be understood unless we know a great deal about the people concerned, to see the poem as a historical document. Actually, neither of these attitudes in isolation is supported by the poem, which simultaneously affirms and denies its historical connections at every moment. (Williams, pp. 75 - 76)

It might be added that only in such moments of genuine uncertainty can any real learning take place. The reader or the student is simply forced into a recognition of a reality more complex than that which he had initially envisaged. If he maintains the fixed categories in which he has classified the world, he will not add anything to his experience, but simply file it away. It is uncertainty which drives us to finding new answers; and the writer who only deals in established certainties is a comforter rather than the human spirit which inquires after all things.

From Pope to Krassner

The current satire by Paul Krassner is directly in the tradition of Pope and Swift and other major satirists of English literature. Its major offense seems to be that (1) it uses scatological or perverse sexuality to emphasize a point, and (2) it contains a potentially libellous attack on prominent individuals in present or recent history.

It is difficult to see how one is to distinguish the "obscenity" or perversity of the Krassner article from that of The Dunciad: to set up a graded scale differentiating between homosexuality, coprophilia, and necrophilia seems somewhat absurd. It is, of course, rather obvious that in both satires, these perversions are introduced as expressions of disgust and revulsion. Professor Williams' statement that Pope's scatological materials "serve as an imaginative manifestation of the debasement suffered by the classical ideal in the milieu of Dulness," can with only minor modifications be perfectly applied to the Krassner satire.

Krassner's references to political figures such as president Johnson and Mrs. Kennedy are also similar to Pope's extensive references to prominent figures in London's political, cultural, and literary world. In both cases, attitudes toward history are used to provoke the reader into a genuinely felt individual awareness of the current situation. Krassner imitates, in close detail, the style and mannerisms of William Manchester, and contrasts the seeming truth, the verisimilitude of the early passages with the outrageous fiction at the end. In such a situation, the reader is forced to try to make some value judgment for himself on the world that he sees around him. This is entirely parallel to Pope's use of footnotes that seem to impart the authority of true history to the poem in order to create the mixed awareness that Professor Williams has mentioned.

In a real sense, both satires are directed against their audiences in trying to force upon their readers a situation in which the whole individual must try to face facts for himself, without relying on authorities. Both works, in attacking established cultural values, are immensely disturbing; but it is out of such disturbances that we create a more genuine faith in our ability to handle the present.



AN INTERVIEW WITH RON HALLIS

Young Canadian Film-Maker

Producer-Director of "Toni"

by STAVISKY



photo by David Miller

Interviewer: Why do you concentrate on filming pervers?

Hallis: I knew you'd ask that. Abnormal sexuality is, at least for the moment, more interesting than normal sex.

Question: Ron, the words "underground film" were first used by Murray Farber, referring to masculine adventure flicks. How would you define the term?

Answer: An underground film deserves title by how it was made. Once it is made the term becomes cumbersome;

I guess the term has primarily to do with finances. Your house becomes a studio and you're always living with film around your ankles. That's one way. The other way is to attach yourself to a studio in order to get equipment. Right now, I am submerged in the whole thing; it's a world of nuts and bolts, but I use the technical handicaps for my own advantage.

Q: Do you think you could have made "Toni" working in a studio?

A: I don't see any other way I could have made that film; the only other way was to have had a little more time and money.

Q: How long did it take to shoot?

A: Ten hours over two days.
Q: Did you start out with films?

A: I still write a lot of poetry and plays; before I'd gotten

into film I used simple imagery, a simple surrealistic image; in film you see many things that are painfully beautiful. Writing is much more immediately satisfying — it's on the spot, a totality as a work of art, whereas in film you can work for a year and have nothing. This happened to me after I'd been working on a project for a year, but my actors fell through.

Q: Is film-making a less selfish art than writing?

A: When you write — seeing yourself as a poet is a very castrated thing — all the entrails show themselves and the question arises, Will my work ever be read? Film is different — there may be a gap of one year between its conception and realization; but during that time many people see it, and the question of will my work survive is unimportant. At least after its inception the film undergoes some interplay.

Q: Do you mind not working at a 9 to 5 job?

A: The core of making a film is the same as making anything else: it's what happens afterwards. I find film making a much more rich and involving experience than writing.

Q: Is that because of the contact with people?

A: No. I think it's thinking about the images, in a way, the technical aspects.

Q: A director like Welles has managed to keep his "integrity" while working for major studios. How would you react to such a situation?

A: I feel I have all I can handle for the next ten years. Just now I have found two open-minded people to back me, but it is hard finding actors because of the nature of the film. After that I want to make science fiction, rather a sexy-science fiction film.

Q: Did "Fahrenheit 451" have anything to do with this decision?

A: I think I can go beyond "Fahrenheit 451". I think I'll send it to the NFB, but it would be a waste of time.

Q: Why do you say that?

A: I don't think the NFB is interested in scripts.

Q: You worked for the CBC, didn't you?

A: Yes, for a production group making documentaries.

Q: Let's talk more about the film you're working on now.

A: It's a short feature, thirty or forty minutes in length, and we're working in reversal 16 that can be blown up to 35 easily.

Q: Is your script-writing very different from the material you work with on films?

A: Plays are based on dialogue; a scenario depends on imagery; as a matter of fact, my new film is a silent.

Q: Speaking of writing as a more personal process than film-making, would you ever give your film to someone else to edit?

A: Editing is a very tedious job; if someone could take away the simple physical strain of cutting and pasting I would really appreciate it, but whether this shot or that goes in would be strictly my decision. The roughest part, though, is watching the finished film — for example, I see my own mistakes when I cheated in "Toni".
Q: What do you mean "cheated?"

A: Well, I'm not as good a

magician as I sometimes think — whenever I see "Toni" now in a theatre I feel sick — because I want to do something with the mistakes. Of course with "Toni" I had only a very limited amount of film to work with — it must be about the cheapest 16 mm film of its type ever made.

Q: Most of the dialogue in "Toni" seemed to me at least to be straight from the subject. In any of your films do you ask the actors to alter the dialogue, if you write the script?

A: No. I write everything. The dialogue in the film I'm working on now will be dubbed because I'm taping their lips, and because I'll be photographing simultaneous images while the actors are speaking.

Q: Would you call this symbolist film-making?

A: I don't know what I'd call it — perhaps making cheap films.

Q: Why do you concentrate on filming pervers?

A: I knew you'd ask that. Abnormal sexuality is, at least for the moment, more interesting than normal sex. The war is more important to the general than his wife.

Q: Is "Toni" the beginning of a preoccupation with deviant sex?

A: Actually, just before "Toni" I was working on a film dealing with two male prostitutes. One of them was living with his paralyzed brother.

Q: Did you use actors?

A: One guy was going to play the prostitute but his girlfriend put the damper on that. Then, I went for the real thing — I found a lesbian, a butch, and a real male prostitute. Actually, these people were more honest, I found, than supposedly "normal" people. I find homosexuals less in a bag than straight people.

Q: What happened to that film?

A: "Toni" came along and was a priority so I abandoned the other one. The film I'm working on now is sort of a metamorphosis of these fragments. The two men in the original story are now much older and their desires have gone below

the surface. They're more at ease in their masquerade.

Q: Oscar Wilde said, "Men tell the truth when they wear masks." Do the people in your films wear masks?

A: Oh yes. But I've given them the masks. And I have one, too.

Q: What do you mean by that?

A: The film is a mask.
Q: Was "Toni" the closest you ever came to a documentary?

A: Yes. Most of my films are closely scripted.

Q: Could you ever see a non-sexual theme at the core of your work?

A: In this new film there are strong themes of religion and rats.
Q: Uh huh.
A: One of the characters has continual strong religious aspirations, but he finds himself in the company of rats and small men. The biggest tragedy in his life, the biggest emotional confrontation is him urinating in his pants at a séance.
Q: Do you try for deliberate humour in the film?

A: I think this film will be far, very far, from being funny. Every tragedy can be funny if it's pushed. But you must have respect for your audience. A certain tension builds up in the film and the audience and you have to know what to do with it.

Q: Berman has certain perimeters around his films, wouldn't you agree? So do Bunuel and Fellini. Do you feel bounded by some themes that you want to say over and over again?

A: Not yet. I have to be in the medium a bit longer.

Q: Is there any one film in which the realization has come really close to the conception?

A: Yes. But it was an accident. I had a small bit of film left and I decided to waste my money shooting a man, a hunchback whose image was reflected in a pool of muddy water. The camera was upside down and the image was right side up.

Q: Then, at this stage you wouldn't want to be known as a film-maker with expected themes.

A: I'd hate to be talked about in that way.



margaret
atwood
&
poetry

Not having taken notes during our coffee-tea conversation, nor while privately reading *The Circle Game*, I have chosen to call this an interpretive review-interview with Margaret Atwood; for I shall make no effort to tell you what either the poet or her poems are (an impossible task at any rate), but rather my reactions to them both. There is no need to be appalled at my blatant subjectivity for to 'view' (review, inter-view) implies a viewer — a "helpless jelly" (as Henry James would have it), a perspective, a vanishing point that may or may not vanish. 'Inter-view' comes from the French 'entrevoir', to see imperfectly. And this imperfection is due to the unavoidable subjectivity of the viewer. This relationship between viewer and viewed, subject and object, is not as extraneous as it may perhaps seem, for it constitutes the crux of the book of poems being discussed (and highly recommended) *The Circle Game*.

by

ELEANOR ZORNBERG

A few irrefutable facts may serve as background. Margaret Atwood is a 28 year-old lecturer of American and Victorian English literature at Sir George Williams University. She has travelled extensively obtaining her B.A. in honours English at University of Toronto, doing graduate work at Harvard, winning a Woodrow Wilson and Canada Council study grant, and performing an assortment of jobs in between. *The Circle Game*, her first book, now in its second edition, won the Governor General's Award. She has written two more works to be published in 1968: *The Animals in That Country*, which already received first prize in the Centennial Commission's Poetry Competition, and her first novel *The Edible Women*. *The Circle Game* was written largely in Vancouver when Miss Atwood (she was recently married but uses her former name for professional work) was 24-25 years old. Enough facts.

Both Margaret Atwood and I agreed that the personality of the writer, his intentions and autobiography, are of secondary importance — if not entirely irrelevant — to the appreciation of his work. If man is a human movie-projector, the emphasis is to be on the screen rather than on the peculiarities of the projector (she said). Interviews, therefore, and the practice of poets reading their own work, are of not really significant value in an understanding or criticism of the work of art. With this mutual attitude tucked away, we could proceed. And since Miss Atwood refused either to interview herself or to explicate her own poetry, it was left to this hapless ball of subjectivity to glean from whatever information was offered or ideas exchanged, an approximation of what both were about.

It is significant that the book of poems is to be considered an integral body with its own unique shape. This implies a progression: the 'I-me' of the beginning

is different from that at the end. The progression is neither chronological nor confessional, for Miss Atwood explained that she was not writing personal lyrics but dramatic or epic poetry. She simulates the personal lyric form by simply including the 'I-me' in the poems. This is a warning, as it were, for those who too eagerly identify the poet with the protagonist and regard the poems as personal outpourings (as if the poet were a "tube of toothpaste" she said, and what came out was what had been contained within). Chaucer-the-poet is no more Chaucer-the-pilgrim than Miss Atwood is the 'I-me' of her poetry. In one poem, "The Sibyl", she writes,

The thing that calls itself

I
right now
doesn't care
I don't care.

There is no room for navel-contemplation. If the book is to be construed as a sort of a drama — at least a dramatic development of an identity or self-image in relation to society and nature in general, and the 'you' of the poems in particular — the location, the temporal and spatial situation as the setting of the drama is important.

A movement of the objectified or projected 'I' may be traced through the book. The "self", like almost everything else, is concretized and viewed in a very queer light. In the first poem, "This is a Photograph of Me", the self-image is vague, imprecise, subliminal:

... (The photograph was taken
the day after I drowned.

I am in the lake, in the center
of the picture, just under the surface.

It is difficult to say where
precisely, or to say
how large or small I am:
the effect of water
on light is a distortion
but if you look enough,
eventually
you will be able to see me.)

From below the surface of the water, 'I' moves in the next poem, "After the Flood, We", to tree-top islands, encountering in the third poem a man suspended between ground and tree bough. The movement is interesting to follow: to edges, double-levels, ravines, a descent through a carpet-sea, pre-amphibian, mythological, primeval forms, providing a sort of continuum, a unifying motion. "A Place: Fragments" is especially concerned with location and environment, with the final section (vii) seeming to solve the problem by encompassing it. A Hindu-like "one with it" seems too easy a resolution for all the disparate detail dealt with previously. I rather prefer:

There is no center;
the centers
travel with us unseen

like our shadows
on a day when there is no sun.

The poems are concerned with the 'I-you' relation hinted at earlier. "Letter, Towards and Away" examines this with sensitivity. The subject-object, female-male relations centre around a preoccupation with reality, love and survival. What is it like to be alive? In "On the Streets, Love", the poet, merging the three topics, doubts the humanity, the essential life, of lovers:

(One day
I'll touch the warm
flesh of your throat, and hear
a faint crackle of paper
or you, who think
that you can read my mind
from the inside out, will taste the
black ink on my tongue, and find
the fine print written
just beneath my skin.)

Survival is examined in an unusual way. Again I consult the etymology: 'survive' from the French 'survivre' from the Latin 'supervivere' from super = over + vivere = to live. To over-live, super-live seems to account for the surrealistic images employed. It is not enough to be one of the "wooden people" described in "Totems", the 'I' wants to know

everything
just as it was
from the beginning.

I have extracted themes and ideas from the poems which perhaps were never there, ignoring others that were. Poetry has always been a springboard for personal tastes and emotions; these were my reactions. Miss Atwood makes no claim to be a didactic poet: unlike D. H. Lawrence, she says, she doesn't put messages in bottles, not even in differently-colored bottles. (It seems to me that Lawrence sometimes even puts labels on his bottles.) So there is no "message". What Miss Atwood does, and does so sensitively and perceptively and simply is to describe interesting, identifiable situations in interesting, sometimes unique ways. Some of the images stick with one (for a long time), assimilated naturally. And some are so subtle that they fade into the larger impression. Just as already this afternoon's interview fades, and though I look at her photograph on the back cover (which incidentally doesn't yield a very accurate likeness, but read "Camera" for her attitude towards pictures), and although I "look long enough", I can remember only a spontaneous friendly interested woman, with expressive eyes and face, answering the questions I forgot to ask.

* * *

THE CIRCLE GAME, Margaret Atwood, 2nd edition, The House of Anansi, 80 pp., \$1.95.



LITERARY CONTEST

First Place Poetry

DAVID KAUFMAN
Sun Street

Once wild, unnamed,
tall as the tower,
I chased the window-suns
down the avenues of the long morning;
captain and clown-fashioned,
the crowds rang at my calling
and followed my leisure day
from the high mountain to the harbour below.
And once a shadow-child,
quiet in the damp yard
and silent in the brick-row home,
I begged beneath the tenements of afternoon;
coal-coated and ragged,
I was prince of the alleyway,
the peppermint merchants bowed to my age,
and flies sang to me lazily
down the fences of consecrated stone.

When the shadow-gold flickered, then gone,
blessed me in passing,
I rode the chariots of the dying light, humbly
strained in the Babel-blind sky,
and the night-leaves
fell on the far street.
Alive the pale hours,
I heeded the town in its revolutions,
walls adrift in the light-winds,
and dogs barked deep in the morning
waking to the dim yard blown.
Then to rise to the street, strung
like a dry-bathed net in the dawning,
to follow the phantoms of flecked gold
laying pure-spun carpet for the peasant-kings;
then to turn with the fire
from road to wall,
but soar like Daedalus
never near enough the sun.

I knew not in my hour of rhyme
that the day-births would stretch my song
as far as the ancient alleyways,
past the walls that are always rising
before the borders of our eyes,
to find the streets of mind
forever cast beyond that golden web;
though wild
unnamed in the tender of his hands,
Death made me his angel
for I shattered my dusks
like the neon-dawn

First Place Prose

WILLIAM HART

Sabbath Lights

When my grandmother was dying, I wasn't allowed to see her. The door to her room was always closed, and inside I could hear my aunts crying, and sometimes the voice of my grandmother too. But I couldn't go in.

I don't know what she was sick from. She must have been in pain, but that's not what was so terrible. Our family is Jewish. She wanted to convert and become a Catholic.

So I never saw her. There were people all over the house, relatives or my mother's friends. I used to sit on the stairs, just below the landing. There, everyone going through the house had to pass by me, and I strained to hear what they said — because nobody told me anything.

But I knew. From my seat below the landing, I could see the upstairs hall and the door to my grandmother's room. Looking down, I could see into the parlour ahead of me, and hear whatever they said in there; and if I peered between the wooden stair railings, I caught a glimpse of a corner of the kitchen table. Here my mother and the aunts gathered after seeing my grandmother; and they would talk about it, first in whispers, then louder and louder as they forgot about me listening behind the stair railings.

"It's the nurse," said my mother. And yes, all the aunts agreed that it was the nurse. She had come when my grandmother first got sick. They gave her my room, because it was beside my grandmother's. I slept on a cot in my parents' bedroom.

First thing she did when she unpacked was take out her pictures of Jesus and set them up around the room. Then she took down the picture I had above my bed and hung up a wooden crucifix.

I used to sit in my place on the stairs and watch for when she was with my grandmother. Then I would go into my room and look at the pictures.

Once she caught me in there. I was afraid that she would be angry, but she took my hand and explained the pictures to me. Then she taught me how to cross myself, and she showed me her rosary, and she told me that if I didn't pray to Jesus every night I would burn in Hell.

That wasn't what my Hebrew teacher told me, so I went to ask my mother about it. I showed her what I had learnt, but she got angry, and she told me that if I ever did that again, she would wash my mouth out with soap. Then she sent me to bed.

The next day, when I came home from school, the nurse was packing.

I sat on the stairs and watched her take down her pictures. Then she closed her bag and put on her coat and came downstairs. She made the sign of the cross over me, and whispered, "Good-bye, little heathen." And then she left.

But that didn't stop the trouble. I moved back into my room, and sometimes during the night I would wake up and hear my grandmother singing to herself. First the sound was so soft that I wasn't sure I heard it at all. Then it grew louder, and the song came fluttering into my room, rising and falling in the air. Now it sounded like one of the Christian hymns they taught us in school, now like the droning chant of the Cantor in synagogue, now like the moaning of an old woman. My mother would get up, and I would hear her walking back and forth in the hall until the singing stopped. Sometimes she went into my grandmother's room, and then they talked and my mother would cry. But later, after she went back to her room and I had fallen asleep, I would wake up and hear my grandmother singing again, her voice rising and falling, like the branches of a tree swaying in the wind.

"I can't stand it," my mother told the aunts. "We've got to do something." So the rabbi started coming every Wednesday. First he would see my grandmother upstairs, and then he would come down into the parlour and talk to my mother, closing the door behind him.

The first day, after he left, my mother came over to me on the stairs, and she put her arms around me and said, "Rabbi Glick is a very, very wonderful man."

The second Wednesday, after he had gone, my mother picked me up and whirled me around. "She's not converting!" she cried. "She's not going to do it!" And she ran quickly to phone the aunts.

But the singing didn't stop, and as the week went on, my mother grew more worried. "I don't understand it," she told the aunts. "The rabbi said she's agreed not to do it. I don't understand her. Why does she keep on like this?"

The rabbi gave her the answer the next Wednesday. She wasn't converting, but she insisted on giving all her money to the Church.

My grandmother was always the one in our family who had money. There were legends about how she had hoarded it, how

This year the McG
attracted 125 poetry
The judges, all member
ment, were:

Alan G
Peter C
Brian F
Ruth W

Second Place Prose

One of our Candidates

When my father died he left a considerable fortune. My brother, time, was in his late thirties. I accountancy and he had married most influential lawyers. Eventually department of his father-in-law's I suppose it was because of him. After all, I admired him a great deal.

I entered my first year in college started school early as a child), accountant where I learned practical adding machine and other skills which bored me very much. It would be very proper for me to work part-time.

One day, that year, during Christmas telephoned the house and asked for a dresser, Abdul, had just fired his would discuss such things with himself were great friends and they problems. Unless he found another his own books (which he was quite out all the payroll calculations and She recommended me to Abdul. I only seventeen. She said yes and worry about Abdul being a young hairdresser.

She arranged for me to meet a salon was on Sherbrooke street townhouse. "Abdul's" as it was called not need an appointment, but it have one's hair done there.

When I entered I was rather someone ought to throw me out. before and I had visions of half-would see me.

I asked the pony-tailed girl was and she asked me in a thick me. I said yes and she stretched go limp. She seemed to be pointing the salon beyond a frightening reach Abdul's office I would have wasn't up to it, so I asked the She cocked her head to one side of course Monsieur Abdul's in. I you!" She must have sensed I was the opportunity to be rude. "Thank the back of the parlor across anyone so much as glanced at me."

"Sit down, sit down. Monsieur was small, five feet, four inches curly hair, long sideburns and long that when his head was only his tiny mouth. My sister-in-law had and that he affected his Moroccan had been called "petit arabe" with looks. Although, his English with expressions in his English convinced told me that he was, in spite of

The office was small and un were strewn all over the place. Abdul's desk.

"Madame Hartley said you Can you actually do all these crazy O mère, look at these invoices!"

(Continued on page 9)

(Continued)



TEST WINNERS

ill Daily Literary Contest
and twenty prose entries.
s of the English Depart-

oldberg
hlin
Robinson
isse

EPHEN NATHANSON Canadian Heroes

my mother, my brother and I a
twenty years older than I at the
e had degrees in both law and
the daughter of one of Montreal's
lly he became director of the tax
firm and he was doing very well,
that I chose to study accounting.
deal.

college when I was sixteen; (I had
and I worked part time for an
tical bookkeeping, the uses of an
, (as my brother put it), all of
as he who suggested that it would
rt time and he got the job for me.
Christmas vacation my sister-in-law
for me. She told me that her hair-
bookkeeper. I asked her why Abdul
her. She told me that Abdul and
that he was forever telling her his
r bookkeeper he would have to do,
ite incapable of doing) and figure
d deductions for all his employees.
asked her if she told Abdul I was
d that by the way I should not
know what just because he was a

et him the following morning. His
and was built into a converted
called, was not plush and you did
was considered very fashionable to

nervous and had the feeling that
I had never been in a beauty salon
naked women shrieking when they

at the cash where Abdul's office
English accent if he was expecting
her arm out lazily letting her wrist
ing somewhere toward the rear of
and colourful hall of mirrors. To
ave to walk through it all. I just
easier if Monsieur Abdul was in.
and gazed at me wide-eyed. "Why,
f he hadn't been I would have told
was unsure of myself and so seized
nk you" I said and I walked toward
the bronze carpet. I don't believe
me.

dieu, but you are young!" Abdul
perhaps, very dark with long black
frizzy grey bangs. His nose was so
y slightly bowed you could not see
ad told me he was French Canadian
an origin. He had told her that he
hen he was a child, because of his
as perfect he interspersed French
ersation. My sister-in-law had also
these affectations, a very nice man.
tidy; papers, wigs and wine bottles
I seated myself on a couch facing

were young... I did not realize...
zy things, payroll and my invoices?

Third Place Prose

ERIKA RITTER

To Get to the Other Side

We stood on the corner of the street, and I said to myself, If I
ever write this down, here's where I'll start—at the end. Because
undramatic and anticlimactic as this may be, it's certainly the closest
approach to romance in this little episode. Little episode. The one
part of my life vital enough to distinguish from existence... just
a little episode.

So we stood on the corner, the unexciting junction of two non-
descript streets, and I said, Do you understand why?

Characteristic shrug. Sure, I guess.

You guess. I mean, can't you see it at all?

Yeah. You're fed up with all this nothing, right?

Why do I always make a hokey scenario out of the big moments
of my life. When he said, All this nothing, vignettes paraded by
in the best Hollywood tradition. Eyes clouded with golden smoke
beside the lake, and he was saying, These are the times you hold
onto. Most of the time, it's walking along a sidewalk with a big
wooden fence beside it—nothing to see at all. But every once in
a while—wow, a knothole, and you can see everything. But you
keep walking, more wall and maybe if you're lucky, another knothole.
I wonder if the smoke of enough flowers could keep you beside that
knothole forever...

And I said, It's not the smoke. It's you, and those knotholes
are there anyway. You can't keep standing in the same place. Because
if you take your chances on coming on another knothole further
on, you're going to get a different view, learn a little more about
what's through that fence. Right?

Sorry, girl, I'm gone. I can't follow what you're saying...

All this nothing—make way for another excursion into yester-
year:

He: Why is it so hard to remember all the time that there is
so much if you could cut the crap and see it? Everything should
hurt—seeing that blue and yellow fire, drinking water, touching
the grass. It hurts now, but it won't tomorrow. I'm smiling and it
means something. But I can smile and smile and mean nothing by it;
too. So how do you stay alive to everything all the time? You can't,
unless you leave the hassles alone and just blow your mind all the
time on everything around you.

She (with slight alarm): That isn't the way. The trick is to be
able to handle the trivia and the garbage and still be able to live
for the real things.

He (with the smile that melts candles): Maybe you. Not me.
I can't handle it.

At the risk of well-madeness—surely these were indications
that it couldn't have worked, ever? Didn't I have some premonition
then? No doubt. But nobody wants to be a sybil.

I'm not about to plead, you know, but we had some times.

I suppose I don't know that? (Forgiveable rhetoric—we all
like to dramatize, even when we're being cut up inside.) Why the
hell do you think I'm bawling now?

Maybe you want a little authenticity for your diary. Dear Diary:
We broke up tonight, and I cried. I said goodbye to him, and all the
little Ghosts of Good Times Past went scurrying out of my mind like
bats at sunset. I thought of how we slept in condemned basements
and sold our shoes for some stale bread. How we poured the world
into two glasses and toasted each other. Is that what you're going to
write in your diary tonight?

(Continued on page 2)

Second Place Poetry

JIM LEITCH

Bright Lights Are Not

Bright lights are not
seeing lights

some booked men
slice lives thin
with crisp white lights
to gawk
at death

candles know
lips eyes veins
searchlights
never could

and shadows draw
secrets tears blood
to their flames

blind men hearing
two hearts pulse
in speechless dark
can know
their gap
within
an inch

Third Place Poetry

R. AKSTINAS

Picasso's Bride

He stands in armor in his dreams
painting Picasso's biography.
He dashes a boat out of his mouth
like an estuary,
painting the life-cycle of a fly
on the jib
and he looks at me, laughing
with a wink of paint in his eye.
He stands mending his suit of iron
and then rocks
a mad dream-stuffed rag-doll
in his chromium-lap
and plays electronic-music
on her spheres
with an awl-thumb;
and the doll's feet assume
a dimension
and clack across his mail knee-caps;
clink, clack clack
dum de da, just like that.
A punctuation in the rolling-oily
doll-eye and wink-ink traces
the creases of blue-berry eyes.
I signal a stop and awake.
I put her away in the doll-house
with steely determination.

You are invited to an evening with

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- Choice of 3 plans

COVERAGE

All McGill students participating in this GROUP PLAN will receive 24-hour-a-day accident and sickness coverage all year round, including Summer vacation. The plan covers all types of accidents and sickness, including pre-existing ailments (which are normally excluded from policies of this type) and participation in the intramural and recreational sports sponsored by the University.

MAJOR MEDICAL: Plan A, B, C

The Major Medical Plan provides for payment of 80% of hospital, surgical, medical, diagnostic and other medical expenses up to a maximum of \$1,000 per illness. There shall be no deductible in the case of accident and a \$10.00 deductible in the case of each sickness.

PLAN A:

Expenses Covered

- board and room and routine nursing service for confinement in a hospital over and above those charges covered by the McGill Health Service and the Provincial Hospital Plans up to a daily maximum of \$5.00;
- anaesthetics and the administration thereof;
- fees of legally qualified physicians and surgeons for medical care, treatment and surgical operations;
- fees of graduate registered nurses (R.N.) for private duty nursing services and fees for treatment by licensed physiotherapists other than a nurse or physiotherapist who ordinarily resides in the same household with the employee's spouse;
- fees for X-ray examinations (other than dental), microscopic and laboratory tests and other diagnostic services;
- fees for X-ray and radioactive therapy;
- charges for necessary transportation of the individual by professional ambulance not owned by the hospital;
- medical supplies prescribed by a legally qualified physician or surgeon, as follows:
 - drugs and medicines which require written prescription of a physician and which must be dispensed by a licensed pharmacist or physician;
 - blood and other fluids to be injected into the circulatory system;
 - artificial limbs and eyes;
 - casts, splints, trusses, braces, crutches and surgical dressings;
 - rental of hospital-type equipment including wheel chair, hospital bed, iron lung and other mechanical equipment for the treatment of respiratory paralysis and equipment for the administration of oxygen.

Expenses Not Covered

The following "excluded charges" are specifically excluded from coverage:

Sickness due to pregnancy, childbirth or miscarriage; intentionally self-inflicted injury; while in or on or in consequence of having been in or on any vehicle or device for aerial navigation except while riding as a fare-paying passenger in a licensed passenger airplane provided and operated by an incorporated passenger carrier for the regular transportation of passengers; confinement or treatment for any mental disease or deficiencies or psychotic or psychoneurotic disorders or reactions, or any other disturbances in mental health including anxiety or tension states, "nervous breakdown" or functional nervous disease; dental services and

supplies unless necessary for the repair or alleviation of damage to natural teeth resulting from an accident occurring while insured and unless incurred within 90 days of such accident; cosmetic surgery except surgery performed within 90 days as the result of an accident, war or any act of war or injury sustained or sickness contracted by the Insured Person while in the military, naval or air force service of any country (any premium paid to the Company for any period not covered by this Policy while the Insured Person is in such service will be returned pro-rata; eye refractions, or the purchase of hearing aid or eye-glasses or the fitting thereof; expenses insured or insurable under any provincial law, or any other plans that are maintained by the Policyholder in conjunction with this Policy; injuries sustained in the play or practice of inter-collegiate football or hockey as defined by the Policyholder or any other amateur sports of any kind not sponsored by McGill University; injuries sustained in the play or practice of professional sports of any kind; any illness which entitles the Insured Person to benefits under Workmen's Compensation or similar legislation; confinement to any hospital or similar institution operated by the Federal Government or Provincial Government, a government agency, a university or municipality, if such confinement, in the absence of insurance, is legally without cost to the Insured Person; confinement or treatment covered by the McGill Health Service.

PLAN B: same as Plan A, except daily hospital board and room increased to \$20.

PLAN C: same as Plan A, except daily hospital board and room increased to \$35.

COST AND CHOICE OF PLAN

Cost varies according to plan chosen as per enrolment card below. You may choose any of the 3 plans. However, we recommend Plan A to Quebecers. Plan B to Canadian non-Quebecers. Plan C to Foreign Students. All three plans are identical except for room and board. Hospitals here actually charge, for a semi-private accommodation, \$5 daily to Quebecers, and \$35 daily to others. Plan A, providing \$5.00 for hospital charges, would cover semi-private coverage in full for Quebecers; Plan B, providing \$20.00 for hospital charges, would cover semi-private coverage in full for Canadian Non-Quebecers; Plan C, providing \$35.00 for hospital charges, would cover semi-private coverage in full for foreign students.

POLICY AND DATE IN FORCE

Each student participating in the plan will be issued a certificate of insurance and a master policy will be held by the Students' Society of McGill University.

Your coverage will become effective on the day your application and premium is received at the office of Canadian Premier Life, or on October 1st, 1966, whichever is the latter, provided you are attending classes on such date.

ENROLMENT INSTRUCTIONS

Those who have carried the twelve month plan for the past year must complete a new enrolment card to renew their coverage for a further twelve month term.

- Complete, sign and mail the enrolment card with your cheque or money order to Canadian Premier Life, 1916 Dorchester West, Montreal.

E-214

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Student: _____ Date: _____

Address: _____ Course: _____

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I wish to purchase the plan indicated below. Enclosed is my cheque or money order.

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desired

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(\$30.00)

☐ PLAN C
(\$60.00)

Signed: _____
(STUDENT, PARENT OR GARDIAN)



PROSE continued . . .

First Place

Sabbath Lights

(Continued from page 6)

tight-fisted she was, how rich. The house we lived in was hers, and she supported most of her relatives.

"I'm sick," said my mother. "I'm just sick."

The aunts said wait, the rabbi will talk to her, he'll make her change her mind. But Wednesdays came and went, and still there was no change.

"I'm heart-sick," said my mother. And though the aunts tried to cheer her up, they weren't too happy either.

Rabbi Glick started to lose his lustre in their eyes. "He's not so smart," one said. "I remember now in school, he always came last in the class. The girls used to call him pig-face. He's not so smart."

The last time the rabbi came, he stayed with my grandmother only a few minutes. Then he came down to the parlour. From behind the door, I could hear my mother's voice getting louder. Then she started to cry. The rabbi tried to calm her, but she began to shout, so loud that I could hear her words: "Why don't you do something? Why don't you stop her? Every night, Rabbi, I pray to God, and you know what I ask him? I ask him please to let her die."

After that, the rabbi didn't come back.

But the singing still didn't stop. In the middle of the night, I would wake up and hear her voice swaying in the air. My mother would get up too, but she wouldn't go into my grandmother's room. Instead I would hear her walking back and forth, till she went back to her room and cried herself to sleep.

"We've got to do something," my mother told the aunts. "I can't stand it any more."

So they declared her insane.

It was simple, really. I wasn't supposed to know, but I heard. One of the aunts was married to a lawyer, and he told them how to do it. The doctor came and examined my grandmother, and then my mother and the aunts all went to court one day, and when they came back it was done. She was insane.

It didn't stop the singing, but they didn't care now. My mother bought a pair of ear-plugs to sleep with, and the people stopped coming to our house.

But at night I still heard her. First the singing was soft, then slowly louder and louder, wafting and fluttering into my room, as I lay in bed staring at the window, watching the sky behind the swaying tree outside change from black to purple to grey.

One afternoon, I came home from school early. First I went to my room and put away my books, and then I came and sat on the stairs.

It was Friday, and my mother was getting ready for the Sabbath which would start that night at sunset. From the kitchen came the smell of the Sabbath: a grab-bag of cinnamon and spices, stuffed cabbage and honey cake, wine and starched linen, and freshly rubbed wood. It floated out of the kitchen, and curled around the hall, and wove itself in between the wooden stair railings, fluttering upward, upward, into the furthest corners of the house.

No-one else was at home. The aunts had stopped coming every day, and anyway they also had to get ready for the Sabbath. It was so quiet that the downstairs clock was loud.

From where I sat, I could see my grandmother's door upstairs. I wanted to see her. I hadn't seen her since she got sick, and I wanted to see a crazy person, so I went up. The door wasn't closed, just ajar, so I pushed and it opened softly.

My grandmother always slept in a double bed, the same bed as when my mother's father was alive. Now she was in the middle of it, wearing a thin white nightgown, and her hair was loose like a girl's, but grey. The sheet came up under her arms, and her hands were pressed down on the mattress.

When she saw me, she didn't do anything much, she just looked at me instead of at the window. I don't think she recognized me. She never knew the grandchildren, but me she sort of remembered because I was the oldest, and we lived in the same house. Today she didn't know me, though. She asked me my name and I told her. Then she was quiet. She said come here, so I walked to the chair beside the bed but she said no, sit on the bed, and she moved her hands by her side, fluttering them over the sheet.

I sat on the bed and it was high and lumpy. That's why I didn't like her room, the bed was high and my feet barely touched the floor, and it was hard to balance. Her hands fluttered, searching for lint, and she said, "Go, you want a candy? go, in the nighttable, a little white bag bring me, I will give you candy." I took a grubby bag from the chipped enamel drawer, and her long hands searched in it, and found a hard green candy. She watched me unwrap it and

(Continued on page 11)

Third Place

To get to the other side

(Continued from page 7)

If this is your way of trying to keep me, it's pretty pissy, I said, really crying now.

Hell, no. I'm not trying anything. You're the one who was playing at being a free spirit. I never forced you into it.

I wasn't playing, not then or now. But you just can't go on and on, being and never doing. Experiencing and never controlling.

Not if you want to cut yourself a swath through a debit-and-credit world. And if that's what you want, girl, you had the wrong boy.

I don't thing so. If we had just moved to another knothole sometimes, instead of just duplicating and duplicating...

Sometimes I don't know what you're talking about. Go on, get back into the natural progression, where you can measure how far you're going, in nice neat gradations.

It can't go on forever for you either, so don't start throwing my bourgeoisie lining up at me. You have to grab the moments out of the crop, instead of trying to construct your world out of moments.

For a minute I must have looked like the girl he loved, because he was begging: Don't leave it like this.

It has to end, I said, and considering our track-record, love, this is a well-handled conclusion.

I knew he was watching me walk up the street. He didn't know it was the only reality we'd ever have, and I was trying not to know that it was.



published every Friday in the
mcgill daily, flux is a magazine
of political, social and cultural
comment.
Pierre Fournier Editor
Vivian Wiseman, Associate Editor
thanks to bob,
dave, lee, dan.

Second Place

One of our Canadian Heroes

(Continued from page 7)

"Yes", I said. "I can do everything for you". I stood up to look at his books and saw that he had been struggling to do payroll calculations and deductions. He was using the previous year's deduction schedule and he looked harassed.

"Monsieur Abdul - "

"Call me Abdul. Please call me Abdul".

"Abdul you're using the wrong chart. That's last year's chart and it doesn't include unemployment insurance".

"Comment? Last year's chart?"

I think from that moment on Abdul not only accepted but loved me. He got out from behind his desk, pointed to his chair, insisted that I sit and do work that, as he said, he never should have presumed himself qualified to do. He pointed to the filing cabinet.

"In there are the books that you need a key to open — what are they called? I am told accounting is really simple. To me it is a mystery. It is a mystery why you have to write everything down in a hundred different places when they only happen once. No, no, don't tell me; I wouldn't understand. But for to-day never mind those books; just do the payroll. The bank closes at three o'clock and my employees, mes enfants, have to be paid to-day and in cash". He proceeded to outline, for me, a few details, showed me the pay-book, smiled many times and pranced out of the office.

His children were paid on time that day. He had about a dozen employees mostly girls and I flipped through the pages of the pay book to see who made the most, who made the least, who was the oldest and who was married and had children. I looked for the page marked "cashier". Abdul gave his cashier sixty-five dollars a week which compared to some of the other wages seemed unjustly high especially when I thought of what a little bitch she had been. I thought to myself that I was now paying her — Janet Wilkins 003-475-221, that I knew her salary, her age (twenty) and her qualifications (none) and that she was in some way dependent on me.

At first my only contact with Abdul's employees consisted in giving them their pay envelopes and asking them to sign the pay book. They were polite, almost ingratiating; I was petrified. I had not the slightest insight into what they thought of this uppity seventeen year old student to whom they were obliged to entrust the calculation of their wages. Perhaps they didn't care. Eventually, however, the ice was broken and I began to joke and talk with them or rather they began to joke with me and induce me to speak. Juliette once exclaimed as I held out her pay envelope with the amount written on it: "My God! This isn't even enough to pay my boyfriend's food bill". I admit this is not very funny but it did loosen me up a bit.

Serge introduced me to his wife. I felt quite old being introduced to a wife in such a casual way. After all I paid her husband. Serge and his wife had been married three months and were constantly kissing each other, sometimes even while Serge was working.

Abdul and I got along very well. He was exceedingly generous, paying me well for my work, taking me out to lunch, and openly discussing his problems with me. As I had suspected, my sister-in-law did not possess the only line of communication to Abdul's woes. I was flattered but admittedly shocked that a successful man of forty should say to me at lunch "As-tu une amie? You don't like any of my girls? Qu'est-ce qu'y a? Look, Pierre, my wife is a wonderful lay but certainly not the only one. My girls —"

I tried to react coolly but somehow Abdul noticed my discomfort. He chuckled and said that he would not pursue the matter for the time being, but that he could not, for the life of him, understand how a boy as good-looking as I could be so cruel to the female sex.

After lunch, sitting at Abdul's desk, I heard a knock on the door. Justine entered, a young apprenticed hairdresser who did much of the dirty work, washing hair and sweeping the floor. She was very pretty and it made me very nervous to look at her.

"Can I help you?" I asked in French.

"Monsieur Abdul has told me that you want to speak to me. What is it that you want to speak to me of?" She searched my eyes and looked fetchingly curious. I did not know what to say but I could hear Abdul and the old manicurist outside, snickering.

"Justine", I said hesitantly and in bad French, "I fear that Monsieur Abdul is making an error in telling you this"...

(Continued on page 11)

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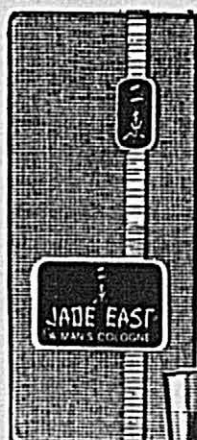
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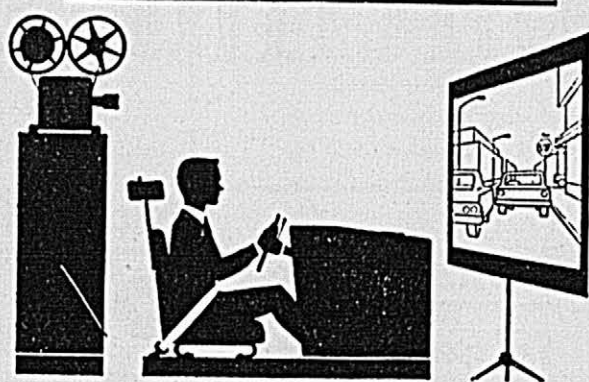
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First Place – Sabbath Lights

(Continued from page 9)

put it in my mouth; then I went back to my seat on the bed, and her hands started moving over the blanket again.

"You good boy in school?"

Yes.

"Mummy not mad at you?"

No. Her hands pulled at the lint and then smoothed out the wrinkles and moved over the bed.

"You go to Hebrew school? Mummy takes you to the rabbi? Soon you'll be a man, you'll be bar mitzvah... I remember when I was a little girl my father taught me Hebrew. Every night he came home and my mother would say relax, a girl to know Hebrew? Teach your sons, a boy should know, all a girl needs to know is cook. But he taught me and he got the rabbi for the boys. I had beautiful hair then, black and curly, and everyone used to stop to look at me. My hands were so tiny, like two little birds they were, my father could hold them both in one hand... I knew all the songs then, my brothers used to be jealous of me how I knew Hebrew, and every Saturday at synagogue I would sing in a beautiful voice..."

Outside her window, the tree was swaying in the wind, the same tree that I could see from my window. The telephone was ringing downstairs and my mother got it, and then it was so quiet in the room I could hear the branches creaking.

"Such a beautiful voice I had then... everybody used to envy me, they would stop and look, so many songs I knew."

Her hand picked at a bit of lint. "Sing me a song," she said. "When I was young I could sing, people came to listen. Now the mind forgets, the body grows old... Sing, come..."

I didn't know what to do. I stuffed the candy into my pocket, but I didn't have a skullcap. I asked her should I put my hand over my head, but she didn't hear, so I did. Then I started to sing the song when they put the Torah back in the Ark, in synagogue. Everybody stands then, and first the Cantor starts singing it, and then it flows back over the people until we are all singing.

"It is a tree of life to those who take hold of it, and happy are those who support it. Its ways are ways of pleasantness, and all its paths are peace. Turn us to thee, O Lord, and let us return; renew our days as of old."

The song fluttered thinly in the air, hovering above the bed. Finally it stopped and all I heard was her deep breathing. I uncovered my head and put the candy back in my mouth. The hands still moved slowly.

For a long time she said nothing, she just felt for lint, and I sat trying not to swallow too loudly. My mother was talking on the phone, you could almost hear her words. Then my grandmother said, "You killed him."

The hands stopped.

"You killed him... you... He asked what should I do, should he die, should I let him live, and they shouted no, kill him, kill him..."

You could almost hear my mother on the phone, almost. The branches had stopped creaking.

"You cursed him, and laughed at him... Then you made him carry it... made him carry it, and nailed him to it, and the blood fell, and he bled, he bled..."

She gripped my sleeve. "Say it. You killed him."

"I killed him."

"You killed him."

"I killed him."

"Say it."

"I killed him."

"Again."

"I killed him."

"Again."

"I killed him. I killed him."

Her hands let go of my sleeve and started fluttering again. After a while she talked some more—about how she had been so pretty, and knew all the songs, and her father loved her especially. Then you grow up, you get old, no good, good only to die... So pretty she had been, with black, curly hair, and little hands like doves...

She still searched over the blanket. Below, my mother was getting ready to light the Sabbath candles. It was almost dark out, and the tree stood still and silent before the sky the colour of wine. My grandmother started to doze, so I left the room quietly. As I came downstairs, I saw my mother standing before the lit candles. A kerchief was on her head, and her hands were over her face. She was singing the Sabbath blessing.

Second Place – One of our Canadian Heroes

(Continued from page 9)

I don't know whether or not she caught on but she stomped out of the office brushing by Abdul as he entered laughing.

"What's the matter Pierre? She looks angry. Did you ask her for it perhaps a little too quickly?"

"Abdul, for God's sake —"

"Abdul, for God's sake, for God's sake", he mimicked. "What do you think I have this couch in my office for? J'uis pas psychiatre, mon vieux".

I didn't know what to say, really. I understood that Abdul's intentions were honourable. He really wanted me to have one of his girls and Justine was really something; he knew it and knew that I knew it. I suppose he realized how young I was but he did not act as if he pitied me nor did he seem frustrated by my inaction. I think he was just intent on playing the role of matchmaker to the hilt, to have me grow up a little although he never used that expression.

It was a week later that I discovered Janet Wilkins was stealing from the cash. It was very simple. Customers paid their bills at the cash. Two copies of each bill were made out by the hairdressers. At the cash a customer with one of the bills could also buy hairspray, hair colour, rollers or shampoo. These extra sales were supposed to be marked on the bill by the cashier. Janet did not record these sales but merely put the cash into her pocket. When Abdul had at first explained hairspray sales to me I noticed immediately the possibilities for "flexibility", since the cashier could always blame any hairspray depletion on the hairdressers. They had access to it though they were required to fill out an I.O.U. to Abdul for every can they took. Since I was anxious to please Abdul and to impress the auditing world I asked my sister-in-law to buy hairspray a few times and to tell me whether or not Janet marked the amounts on the bill. She did not.

I decided, however, not to tell Abdul right away. After all I could not prove absolutely that Janet was a thief; I had to catch her in the act or effect some kind of dramatic confrontation with her.

I did try to speak to her a few times but I found myself without courage and without a well-planned approach.

After all I had never, in all my life, known a thief. A clever willful thief. I had no idea how one ought to address a thief or look at a thief to let him know you are in on his secret. Even worse was the fact that this thief was a young woman, who though rude at times was good-looking, well-groomed, and diligent in her work (to say

nothing of her pony-tail). I thought there was something very unusual about a thief with a pony-tail. So I did not succeed in making the slightest innuendoes. Meanwhile I checked hairspray inventory and calculated the average amounts of hairspray used by "Abdul's" every week. That Janet was stealing became very certain.

Two weeks or so after my discovery, Janet walked into Abdul's office where I was working. She closed the door, sat down on the couch and folded her arms. I stood up, came around to the front of the desk and leaned against the edge of it. She did not say anything at first but just stared at the wall. I could feel my throat quivering and the palms of my hands growing moist.

"Are you waiting here to speak to Abdul?" I asked as if I were nothing more than offhandedly curious as to what she was doing.

She threw her head to one side and glared at me wide-eyed as she had often done before.

"What the hell is this? Abdul told me you wanted to speak to me. Now what do you want?" Apparently Abdul was again trying to foist one of his girls on me.

I didn't know what to say so I asked her in my quietest most timid voice the first thing that came into my mind or rather the only thing that was on my mind.

"Janet, uh... why don't you add the price of hairspray to your bills when you sell to a customer".

"I do add the price Peter", she replied demurely.

"Rarely", I said, "rarely".

"Are you accusing me of something?" Her voice was now shrill.

"Yes. You put most of the cash that comes from hairspray sales into your pocket", I found it hard to believe I was saying those things. I felt that somebody else was speaking.

"You can't prove a thing". She was obviously not very shrewd under questioning, a very poor specimen of a thief. Even I could remark that; for she went on the defensive far too quickly.

"I do have proof, Janet", I lied. I picked up a handful of papers and rattled them in the air.

She began to sob softly and I suddenly felt very sorry for this pathetic thief. I sat down beside her on the couch and impulsively I put my arm around her. She told me that she was pregnant and that she was stealing money to pay for an abortion. She put her arms around me, let her wet face rest on my shoulder and asked me to please, please help her. She felt very warm. She said she

(Continued on page 12)

PROSE

CONCULDED



PINTER PLAYS AT SANDWICH THEATRE

In *The Lover*, (1963), Harold Pinter declares himself a colonizer and developer of the territory originally staked out by August Strindberg around the turn of the century in such tragi-comical masterpieces as *Creditors*, *The Father*, and, of course, *The Dance of Death*. The central concern of the two dramatists is almost identical — the sterility of bourgeois marriage and the failure of the relationships it imposes — but the advent and influence of men like Eliot, Freud, and Beckett has so altered the intellectual landscape that Pinter's play becomes something more than merely sophisticated refinement of the Swede's crude gestures. There are, after all, values greater than originality: *The Lover* may present no striking discoveries, but it is the kind of elegant, exact, and fully realized statement which can be made at certain high-noon times in the development of an art.

Reviewed by
ALAN PRINCE

The central trope of *The Lover* is dissociation of personality into warring fragments. Within the framework of their proper upper-middle-class marriage Richard and Sarah can only take on proper and rigid identities: Richard as "enlightened", self-satisfied; Sarah as vacant and yielding. They cannot admit sexuality into their stiff world, so they resort to a fantasy of adultery meeting each other in the same territory — their suburban house — in different if equally rigid identities. The play opens with Richard's question, "Is your lover coming today?" and in the first four brief scenes, their sparse and uncomfortable conversation, more fencing than dialogue, lays a teasing and clever trail of suggestion that leads to Richard's entrance as Max the Lover. But just as words failed them (or they failed words) when they imitated the identities of Richard and Sarah, so bodies and lower class roles (just a smack at D.H. Lawrence) fail as well. In the last scene, Richard's final attempt to penetrate and dissolve the "game" collapses in the face of mutual bonds stronger than either of them. Trapped, tied to each other, mother, father, man and wife (ah, Strindberg!), their only escape from a falling fantasy is into deeper fantasy. Their life together is a *folie à deux*, and they are merely the projections of each other's twisted needs. *The Lover* is psychological drama: not drama filled with psychological ruminations, but drama as a mode of analyzing human information.

Director Hugh Nelson and his fine trio of actors deserve the highest commendation for last week's Sandwich Theatre production. The set was simple and appropriate. The music, too, was exactly the sort Richard and Sarah would choose to accompany their activities: Flutes for refinement, saxophones for sex. Michael Sirota's Richard radiates the impotence that hides behind the ironic mask; his Max, too, by its exaggeration hints at the falseness of that posture. In Mr. Sirota's well-executed interpretation, his character subtly fails to attain either perfect businessmanhood or perfect loverhood, and thus the disparity between Richard and his assumed identities is always emphasized: Richard is "real" only in a world of delusion. In Janet Amos's Sarah, stiffness and minute changes of expression become the important vehicles of characterization. Her character undergoes a wonderfully subtle development from blankness and vacuity to something rich and strange, and her final moments are as moving as all moments of Ophelia-like madness tend to be. Errol Sitahal's brief appearance as the milk-man had exactly the kind of tentative presence the outside world would have within the genteel asylum that Sarah and Richard inhabit. Fluid and natural blocking, accentuating the caged-animal atmosphere, and a superb tempo-control of the pause-filled dialogue combined for a polished and effective production.

Pinter's first play, *The Room* (1957), shares a number of themes with *The Lover*: inability to speak meaningfully as a metaphor for inability to relate, place as a locus for identity, the failure of marriage and even ordinary fellowship to redeem men from their loneliness, the inequities of the English class system. Perhaps the significant difference between the plays lies in the style of dramatic approach: lucid expressionism in *The Lover*, an obscure and turbid naturalism in *The Room*. It is precisely this dark naturalism that Director Bob Buckland and his generally magnificent cast have so powerfully captured in this week's Sandwich Theatre Production. The set broods on the stage, a cluttered and sordid room, its ill-lit expanses filled with the shabby paraphernalia of lower-class life. Inside it the characters blunder through their individual darkneses, never quite reaching through to each other. Almost, at times, courting a "let's-laugh-at-the-cripples" attitude, yet never losing touch with the humanity of its characters, Pinter's play lurches into the disturbing region where the hopelessly comic and deeply pathetic are synonymous.

This is due in no small part to Martha Borgman's hauntingly brilliant characterizations of the play's central role, Mrs. Kidd. Miss Borgman's performance fills the stage with the almost unbearable reality of suffering life: the actress is transfigured, body and

soul, into the character, leaving no traces of artifice or cleverness. Voice, face, and movement reflect the deepest nuances of feeling with an uncanny exactitude. Around her the excellently-portrayed roles of Mr. Hudd (Alan Strand), Riley, (Errol Sitahal), and Mr. Sands (John Hug) light up like incandescent bulbs brought into an electric field. Paula Spardakos's Mrs. Sands is effective, but she is handicapped by the lack of an appropriate accent. One wishes too that Mr. Buckland could have restrained Peter Whitman's wildly inaccurate caricature of the role of Mr. Kidd. But let us not cavil: this is not amateur theatricals; this is theatre.

The first Annual Pinter Festival, with one more production starting on Monday, caps off an unusually fine season for the McGill Players. The general excellence of their productions, as well as a heavy attendance record, raise a serious question of value. Why, one asks, are tens of thousands of dollars squandered on two-bit operations like the Red-and-White Revue, English Department Theatre Nights and assorted Students' Society futilities, while the real and meaningful accomplishments of the Players' Club receive only token recognition? It is time: time for an adequate student-run theatre to be built, time for the necessary funds to be granted so that the talents of McGill students have a proper arena in which to develop.

HONOURABLE MENTIONS

poetry

JIM LEITCH Next Door
There Are Pigeons

NANCY ELKIN
Indian Woman

BRUCE COVERT
Winter Grass

prose

BARRY GOLDBERG
To Sue, With Love

JOY ANDERSON Snow

MARK KRISBURG
Dad Smiled

MARK LEVY The Sound
of a Secondhand Ferry
in Brooklyn as Muffled
as Snow

E. TERRIS
Little Old Lady

Second Place Prose...

(Continued from page 11)

knew I came from a wealthy family. I said that I would not tell Abdul, if she stopped stealing but that I had no money to give her myself since everything I earned was invested by my brother.

Then Abdul entered; I withdrew my arm. "Peter, I am so happy to see you have taken my advice. No, no go right ahead. Don't stop on my account".

Janet ran out of the office her hands placed over her mouth as if she were about to vomit.

"I know that she has been dipping into my cash for a long time, Pierre, but I doubt if she's pregnant".

"Are you going to let her go?" I asked trying to compose myself.

"No. I won't have to. She's gone and won't come back".

"But suppose she's pregnant?" I whined.

"Oh, I doubt if she's pregnant".

Abdul smiled and patted me affectionately on my back.

Later that day I told Abdul that I had examinations coming up at school and that he would have to find another bookkeeper. This was a sensible and expedient half-truth. He smiled, paid me in cash and said good-bye without argument or entreaty.

The following evening by brother and his wife came to the house to dine with my mother and I. He had heard all about the incident from his wife who must have spoken to Abdul. Naturally, I was the topic of conversation during the meal. My sister-in-law supplied all sorts of details about "Abdul's" and Abdul, and referred to him more than once as the adorable clown and that delightful nut. And my brother said: "My word. Little brother. Hanging about with all kinds of weirdos and homosexuals, thieves and sluts. A seventeen year old boy handling the finances of a beauty parlor too. Marvelous.

"I think it was a fine experience for him. After all he had great responsibility, Mother, and he learned well how affected and deceitful people can be. Peter, you did show weakness in the end — with that little tramp I mean. She was obviously lying about being pregnant. Besides, with all due deference to Robin Hood, theft is unforgivable under any circumstances". My brother reiterated his point a few times during the course of the evening: what mind-broadening experience I had had, what an excellent exercise in human relations that would serve me well when I would enter the real world. I had rarely seen him so enthusiastic and he was asking many questions concerning Janet Wilkins. I answered them as tersely as I could.

The sound of my brother's voice began to unnerve me as the image of Janet's wet pink face appeared before me. I envisioned myself running after her, putting my arms around her and subtly slipping money into her hand. But I certainly never did anything of the sort and to-day, I daresay I'm even more successful than my brother and far more worldly.

Ryersonians stage BOOXODUS

by ERROL NAIMAN

The sun rose over Toronto's Ryerson Polytechnical Institute on Tuesday November 21, and, to any casual observer, all seemed normal that morning as the Institute's 5,000 students rushed through its halls. But for Ryersonians, that day would go down in their memories as BOOXODUS and chief librarian Arthur Paulaitis would mark that day as HIS longest day.

Ryerson, one of Canada's oldest technical schools, has one of the most inadequate libraries in the country. Its shelves contain a meagre 25,000 books (about 5 per student), and a good portion of these are out of date and of little use.

A survey taken by Carol Garfinkel, Ryerson's Canadian Union of Students chairman, found that, of the six Toronto area high schools she polled, there was only one with a lower book-per-student ratio. Students' Council President, Janet Weir, explained that it was common belief that "technical schools don't need books," so in the past, Ryerson's library was left to care for itself. Over the years, a growing student population has been forced in ever greater numbers to find the books that they need in outside libraries.

Ryerson students, and more particularly their Students' Council, decided it was time for action. On November 16, Carol Garfinkel, with the support of Ryerson student leaders, convened a CUS meeting and urged an investigation into the "deplorable state of Ryerson's library facilities." At the SC meeting the following night, a motion was passed describing the library situation as "an insult to students of higher learning", and calling for each Students' Council member to write letters to the administration, "regretting this ludicrous situation."

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He apparently misjudged student apathy, since an estimated 800 students the next day crowded into a space designed for 200, and proceeded to satiate themselves with their quota of 6 volumes each. But because of the library's lack of preparation, some people did not sign their books out. Paulaitis charged the students with wilful damage to the library, and forecast that many books would be lost.

Actions succeeded

But, the students of Ryerson have, through their action, brought this issue before the public, and already there has been a positive reaction. Companies offered donations of books to the library, and the library's budget which before the crisis was closed has now been opened.

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Oxfam and world hunger



60% of all children alive today are malnourished. A child dies of hunger every three seconds.

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All the religious clubs at McGill are getting together in the next few weeks to fight their own war on poverty. Next Monday and Tuesday, they will be sponsoring a Christmas charity campaign for Oxfam, to collect money for food, medical aid and technological assistance in underdeveloped countries. And next term will follow this logically a step further by holding a teach-in to study possible solutions to the world's hunger problem that go beyond voluntary spasmodic charity (e.g. a world income tax).

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WE propose the name "institute" for such establishments in order to emphasize the novelty of this concept. The institute will share certain characteristics of the North American "junior college". Its course will be of two years duration; it will combine on a single campus, education preparing for the university as well as vocational training in a number of fields. Yet the institute will differ radically from the junior college in several ways. It will not offer "university" education, parallel to the first two years of college, but will be, rather, a preparatory stage for higher education, distinct both from secondary and from higher education. The institute course will be complete in itself, leading to an official certificate awarded by the state and, in some cases, marking the end of formal education; the institute will provide twelfth and thirteenth year instruction, not a thirteenth and fourteenth, as does the junior college.

WITH an enrolment of some 1500 pupils each, it would be possible to establish 25-30 institutes in Quebec... A young person entering the working world when he leaves the institute will have received, in addition to the basic courses required of everyone — physical education, the mother tongue, a second language, philosophy — a sound specialized training which will include some cultural subjects. The prospective university student must not specialize at this stage... The program of studies, prepared in collaboration with the university faculties, very far from aiming at a beginning of specialization, should rather be concerned with giving the student a serious acquaintance with the disciplines to which he will not later return.

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McDougall's last game

St. Joe's rout ice Tribe 6-2

by MURRAY SEGAL

The St. Joe's Vikings, though outshot 43-25, still managed to womp the ice Tribe 6-2 in a Wednesday night tilt at the Winter Stadium, due to Colin Kreutz' hat trick and masterful goaltending by Gary Leduc.

The game marked the last appearance of Len McDougall as coach of the Indians. McDougall relinquished his post because of a business transfer to Ottawa leaving the Athletics Board with the task of securing a new

mentor by the end of the Christmas break.

The Tribe buzzed around the Viking net all night but failed to cash in on their opportunities. However St. Joe's showed their scoring prowess to authority especially in the third period, putting two goals on five shots past the leaky Tribe netminder, Marty Tratt.

After two first period goals by Kreutz, Graeme Tennant put a 20 footer in the net on a pass from Joe Virball at .59 of the second frame.

The rearguards played fairly well despite the absence of

Norm Boucher and Walter, never Wally, Maughan due to their one game suspensions for fighting in last week's Loyola battle.

Doug Crossley took a nifty pass from Mike Corber early in the third frame, deked a defenceman and the goalie out of position and slipped the disc over the prostrate St. Joe's netminder.

However two more goals by Woodrow and Goyette late in the contest put the game out of reach for the Tribe who have managed only one win in league play this season.

The Indian attack in the second half of the season should be bolstered by the return of defencemen John Ono and goalie Peter Pichler from the injury list.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

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LAPINETTE

A CLEVER AND WELL-DRAWN ADVERTISEMENT BY DON KERR



Lapinette skidded to a stop. there was a sign inviting bunny types to join a club—or at least so she thought.

now, our bunny girl knows when she is wanted.

it is a little harder, sometimes, to know when you aren't.

this club didn't want her at all. "but I have all the necessary equipment!" she sobbed.

but the little man only laughed.

comes the campusbank to the rescue! our manager explained that these clubs aren't for rabbits at all—just for frustrated hunters. he suggested that perhaps she could start her own bunny club, and even arranged a loan to pay for posters and such.

last we heard, the line-up was over a block long.

but we suspect that those fellows may be a bit disappointed with the setup.

you see, these bunnies are for real...



lack of security is finding out that you are not wanted...



...but positive action is much better than feeling self-sorry.



but positive action is much better than feeling self-sorry.



mansfield & sherbrooke streets
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there are 94 other branches in montreal if you count them all and they're all friendly too.

McGILL DAILY SPORTS

Hoop Indians bombed; bow to Loyola 89-75

by IRA TURETSKY

The Indian basketball team was unable to overcome a lethargic first half in losing their second game of the year, 89-75, to the first place Loyola Braves.

At the outset, it appeared that the game would be a close, hard-fought struggle between the CIBL's two leading teams. After five minutes the score was knotted at 12 points. However, the Tribe began to show the effects of missed practices as Loyola

burst into a 20-13 lead. After this, it was never a game.

Trailing 50-33 at the half, the Indians came out in a full-court press. They managed to cut the deficit to 11, but each time, the Braves pulled away. The final nail was driven into the Tribe's coffin, when Bob Beaupré fouled out with seven minutes left. Beaupré, as usual, led the team in scoring with 21.

In losing to Loyola, the Indians drop to third place in the CIBL with a 3-2 league record. For a team that has as much talent at the Tribe, anything short of a league title is a disgrace. Coach Rumble mentioned after the game that you can't win games with four and five players showing up for practices the night before a game.

The attitude that results in missed practices was readily apparent in the first half. After their good start, the Indians were just plain outthustled.

It is to be hoped that this defeat will have a sobering effect on the team. The players rightly feel that they are the most talented squad in the league. However, the team will need to undergo a total change of attitude if they hope to make the playoffs.

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Johannson pucksters pace big pink machine

by PETER JAFFE

Long after Mr. and Mrs. Mendel Hull produced the double dose of hockey wonders, Bobby and Dennis, everyone readily admitted that this was an impossible act to follow.

However, deep in the heart of Westmount, the Parents Johannson have unveiled an even more awesome display of ice pond power in their offspring — Joyce, Dawn, and Pat.

Currently leading the McGill Squaws' puckchasers, the Johannson trio forms one of the most potent lines ever to grace the shinny. Freshette Pat, an excellent playmaker, pivots her older twin sisters. The identical duo flash up and down the rink on their white wings and greedily gobble up their centre's passes to menace opposing goalies. Off the ice the twins leave their hockey lumber in favor of the Chemistry Department where they have been leading marksmen during their PHD I season.

The Redmen have played three exhibition matches in preparation for the OQAA hockey tourney coming up after Christmas, and thus far have supported a cool .667 average. Last week the McGill Old Girls' Alumni eked out a 1-0 verdict, handing their youthful counterparts their only defeat. Previously The Macdonald Clanswomen and the Loyola Warriorettes were bombed 5-1 and 6-0 respectively by the gentle McGill ladies. Almost thirty per cent of this powerful output dented the opposition's twine after being rifled from the sticks of the heralded Johannson trio.

Macdonald netminderess Petunia Lobe, who has braved many a Johannson blitz, expressed her opinion of the tremendous threesome; "Those girls just frighten me with their blistering shots... my boyfriend always told me to wear a mask."

The Loyola Dames coach Fredia Lipschitz could supply no other sentiments than those of high praise: "My gosh those girls certainly are good. I'm putting special coverage on them next game even though anything short of a lasso would be useless."

Head of the Johannson Fan Club, "Bubbles" Tinkler (write c/o Box 1, New Paltz, New Jersey for lifesized autographed pictures), addressed a meeting of the Women's B'nai B'rith yesterday in the heavily guarded Winter Stadium shower on the subject of "Should women make it big in hockey". Tinkler disclosed to the large gathering "I don't see why Dave Copp (Redmen Hockey Coach) hasn't approached the Johannsons yet. I'm positive that they could instill a lot of zest into the floundering Redmen's attacks. I wish anyone would approach them."

After watching a recent squaw practice, Redmen goalie Bruce

Glencross was heard saying that he would sure enjoy giving the Johannsons a chance to beat him.

Whether Bruce has a point or not is debatable but one thing remains definite: playing with the shapely Johannsons is an improvement on those curved hockey sticks.

Varsity captures OQAA 'polo title

The Toronto Varsity Blues captured the OQAA waterpolo championship Saturday when they downed the Redmen 11-6. The win gave the Blues a two game total point score of 28-19.

The game was a vast improvement over the poor shooting and worse passing that characterized the two teams' last meeting. The Varsity squad controlled the first quarter by the score of 4-2. The Toronto 'poloists repeated their feat in the second period with an identical score, leaving the score at half time at 8-4.

In the third quarter the Red and White showed more form and held the Blues to only two

Capture six of seven events

Toronto girls ravage Squaws

by RICKI ZINMAN

McGill played host to Toronto on Saturday at the Invitational Sports Day and allowed them to walk off with top honours in six out of seven sports contested.

The day started off with a poor exhibition of Intermediate basketball. Toronto won the game, which was marked with disorganized play and numerous violations by 25-14.

When it came time for the seniors to show their skill they managed to do slightly better but were outlasted for three-quarters of the game, especially under

the baskets where they were constantly caught flat footed. In the third quarter the pace of the game suddenly picked up and McGill started to play the type of basketball they're capable of. The defence became impenetrable and the forwards kept driving down the court and scoring on occasion. At the start of the fourth quarter McGill was only four points behind but, when Toronto tallied for two quick baskets, McGill turned to desperation-type tactics which resulted in sloppy play and a Toronto victory by 27-20.

Next came badminton, and here is where McGill shone, led by Janet Murray the first singles. McGill won first and second singles, and two of the three double matches.

Simultaneously volleyball was being held in the other half of the gymnasium. Toronto walked

over the Intermediate team in three games. The Toronto senior team was confident that they could to the same but they were in for a surprise. The squaws were able to keep up with the Centennial Intercollegiate champions in the first game in which Toronto just managed to eke out a 15-11 victory. The second game McGill won 15-8. McGill was showing better speed, net play, and court coverage than their Toronto counterparts. In the third game Toronto's superior spiking became very effective and in the fourth McGill found it difficult to get under the Toronto serves. It was fitting that the last point of the match was won by Toronto on a beautiful spike at the net.

McGill archers, curlers, and bowlers were all badly beaten, but are looking forward to the opportunity to redeem themselves when McGill travels to Toronto in January.

McGill Choral Society SING at CHRISTMAS '67

Dec. 16, 8:15 pm

Tickets: Union
Box Office

November 3...

(Continued from page 9)

Tuesday, November 29, the Superior Court heard Fekete's motion that the issue be evoked from the Senate committee. Arguments centred around the legal status of McGill university, the right to discipline and whether a fair trial would be conducted.

The same day Le Quartier Latin, student newspaper at l'U de M, reprinted the Krassner piece. It caused no reaction.

Thursday Superior Court Judge Jean St. Germain ruled that McGill must stop all proceeding in Fekete's case while the matter was before his court. The order came after the university had summoned Fekete to another committee meeting.

Tuesday, December 5, the committee met again for the final hearing of Allnutt and Fournier. It heard a summation of defence arguments by law student Marvin Scheeter and discussed briefly a memorandum prepared by a number of professors in the humanities.

Thursday Superior Court rejected Fekete's motion for a writ of evocation. Judge St. Germain ruled that the Discipline committee was not a "statutory court subject to the superintending and reforming power of the Superior Court". He said an order that the case be conducted in a quasi-judicial and unbiased manner would be premature.

Fekete is now appealing the ruling.

And that is where it stands. No verdict has been given in the Allnutt-Fournier case. No one knows if or when Fekete will appear before the committee. He is scheduled for a Monday session with the Committee...

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